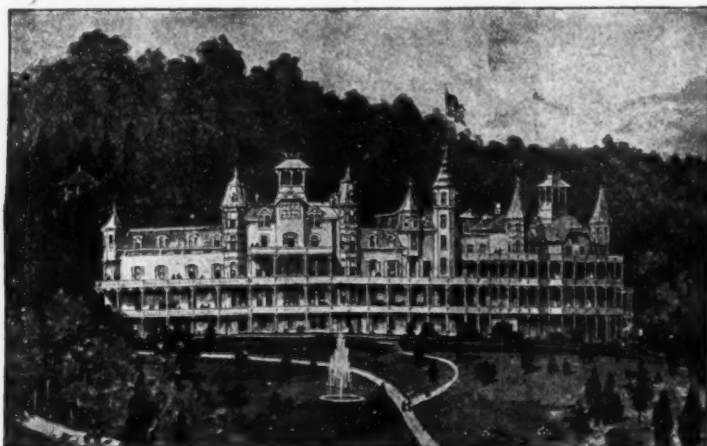




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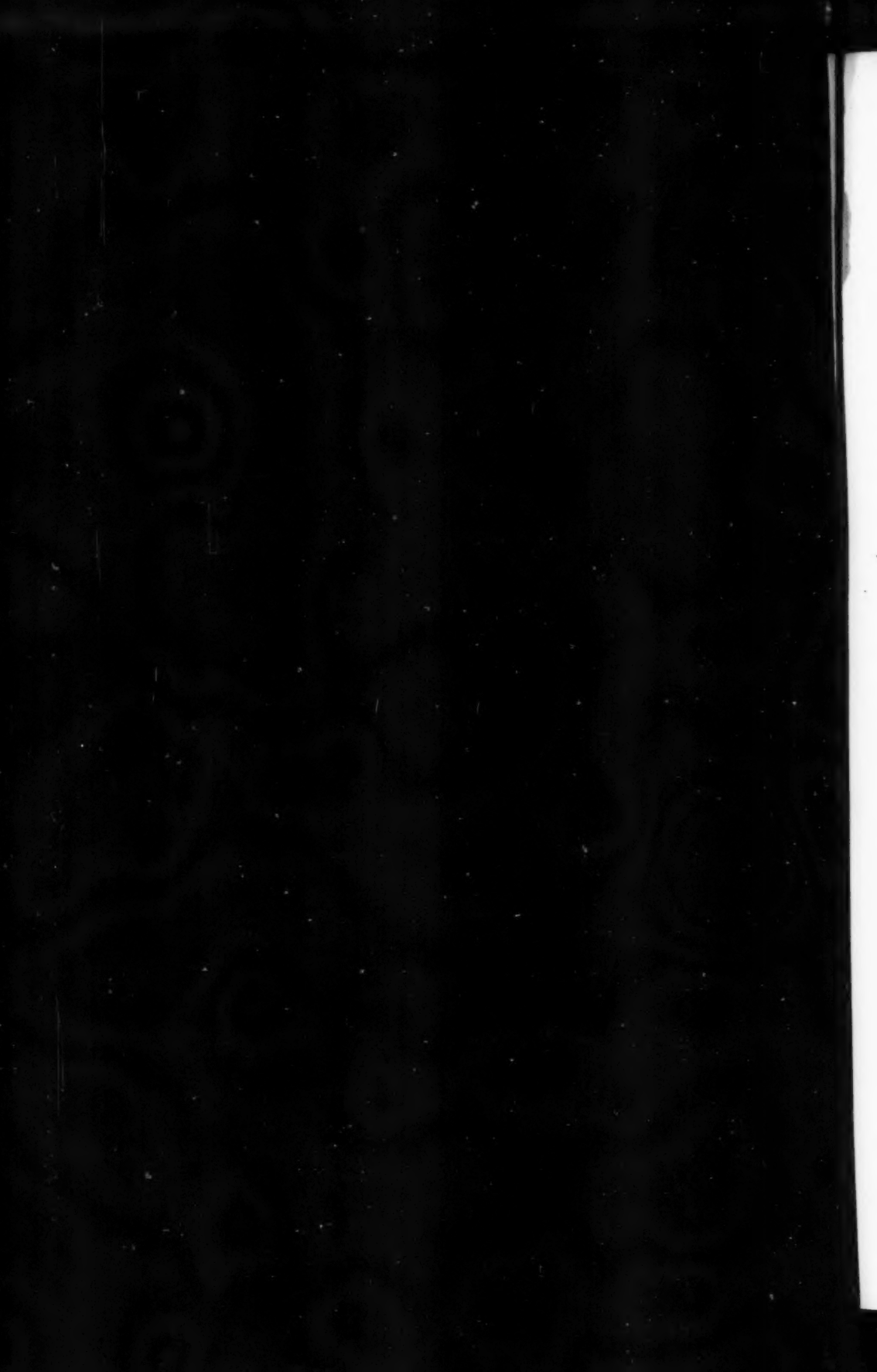
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# THE LIVING AGE:

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## TRANSVAAL INDEPENDENCE AND ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

To the wish that I should give some personal reminiscences and portraits of the leading men in the Transvaal Republic, who had a hand in the treaty of 1884, and of others whose names have been strikingly before the public, I readily respond. I will add an opinion as to the causes and the probable results of the deplorable war now raging. In doing so, I may truthfully say that I am speaking, not quite as a stranger within the gate, but as one to whom England has become a dear second home during forty-seven years, and who would be deeply grieved to see her beset with grave dangers in the dark future.

In Transvaal affairs I took a warm interest ever since Mr. Disraeli's Government, in 1877, suddenly overthrew the young Boer Commonwealth, whilst it was harassed by wars with the natives. I had met the eminent Conservative statesman not long before in the House of Commons. Hearing that I was dining there with a common friend, a Scottish Liberal member, he conveyed his desire for making my acquaintance. The conversation lasted, in presence of that member, about an hour. The subjects discussed were exclusively Eastern and Indian affairs and the designs of Russia in both directions.

Mr. Disraeli has often been described as saturnine, cynical, sphinx-like, and so on. I can only say that on this occasion there was not a trace of it. He was amiability itself. True, I had seen him with a different cast of countenance and conduct in the House itself. To my astonishment, however, I found him still curiously inclined to make very light of the perils threatening English dominion in India through the systematic advance of Russia towards Afghanistan. He even thought that was a good means of occupying her out of Europe. I strongly maintained a contrary view, asserting that both Constantinople and the shaking of English rule in her vast Asiatic Empire were the aims of Muscovite policy.

Not long afterwards there came the war against Turkey. There came also the revelation—recorded in an English Blue Book—of the secret treaty of Russia with the Ameer Sheer Ali, for allowing the Czar to march his troops through Afghanistan, in case a necessity arose for "waging war in India!"

I mention this only because it bears upon Transvaal affairs. In the interest of progress and civilization I always held, and hold, that these aims and objects of the military and bureaucratic ring at St. Petersburg have to be closely watched; now more than ever, since

Russia is trying to creep round by way of Persia and the Pamir. In view of such contingencies I held, and hold, that it was, and is, unwise—not to speak of the dictates of simple justice—to do a deed of violence against a small commonwealth of yeomen in South Africa, whose sparse population, amounting to not more than that of a town of second rank, has the large Dutch majority of the English colonies there for its kinsmen. Both for the sake of Republican right, and for this important political consideration, I joined the Transvaal Independence Committee in 1881.

Its first chairman was Sir Charles Trevelyan, formerly Governor of Madras, and Financial Minister in India. Though a most moderate and over-cautious man, so much so that he soon ceased being active on the Committee, he knew what the principles of justice were. From his former Indian experience it may be assumed that he felt also how risky a procedure it would be to alienate the whole Dutch population of South Africa, whilst India, with a population of nearly 300,000,000, was garrisoned by only about 70,000 white troops.

I will mention, a little later on, that "International Address" which, in 1881, was drawn up by me, and signed by a number of prominent men all over the Continent—many of them personal friends—in favor of the restoration of Transvaal Independence. Presented to a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, it made a deep impression at the time. It sounded like the voice of Europe in the cause of public right and humanity. Soon afterwards peace was fortunately concluded.

When, in 1883, President Kruger, General Smit, of Majuba Hill renown, and the Rev S. J. Du Toit, the Minister of Public Instruction in what was then called the "Transvaal State," came to London for the purpose of having the

Pretoria treaty of 1881 set aside and a new one put in its place, I repeatedly met and, on various occasions, had friendly and confidential intercourse with them. On one occasion it was at the house of Dr. Clark, who for some time acted as Consul-General of the South African Republic, and has for years exerted himself on its behalf in and out of the House of Commons. The late Baron Beelarts van Blokland was then also present. A member of the House of Deputies in the Netherlands, he had, during several years, been its speaker. Afterwards he became the plenipotentiary of the Transvaal Republic to the Governments of several Continental countries. With him and the Transvaal Deputation, and their companion and secretary, Mr. Esselen, I had the fullest conversations. So also at various times, with Judge Jorissen, a Hollander by birth, and a member of the High Court of Justice at Pretoria.

In personal appearance I found Mr. Paul Kruger a simple man of the people, of good height, strongly-built, with homely features, such as may often be seen in the Netherlands and in Lower Germany. He is the grandson of a German, and has often prided himself on this descent. His otherwise clean-shaven face was framed by bushy whiskers and a goatee beard. At a first glance nobody would have taken this plain-looking man, in whose dress there was not the slightest pretence to elegance, but rather extreme simplicity, for being a statesman. He sat there comfortably smoking his short pipe, with apparent tranquillity of mind, but a close observer could not mistake the dour stubbornness underlying that calm behavior. In his blue eyes there sparkled a steady gleam of quiet watchfulness. Over his mien there stole, now and then, a cloud, an expression of sadness, owing, no doubt, to the difficulties he had to encounter in the negotiations.

A very different man in appearance was General Smit-Smaller; of nobly-cut traits and full-bearded, he had a somewhat reticent manner. He was practically one-eyed—so I heard—but in the sound eye left to him there was a penetrating glance. Evidently wholly a man of action, of very few words, but an attentive listener withal.

The third member of the Deputation, the Rev. Du Toit, showed his French Huguenot blood as clearly in his face and figure as did Mr. Kruger his German origin. Mr. Du Toit, a small, dapper man, of darker hue than his companions, spoke English with perfect ease, and also knew—I understood him to say—a little German. With the tongue of his forbears—he acknowledged, when I asked him—he was not acquainted, which somewhat surprised me. However, the descendants of Huguenots who, hundreds of years ago, went to the Netherlands and afterwards to the Cape, soon became as fully merged with the Dutch there as their Protestant kinsmen who had emigrated to Germany and England became, in course of time, full German or English-speaking citizens of those countries, in which their ancestors had taken refuge. Thus their original idiom was lost.

In our conversations, Mr. Kruger and General Smit only spoke in Dutch. Being able to read the language of the Netherlands and the Belgian Flemings, I had no difficulty in following what was said in that tongue by Mr. Du Toit, who spoke it with great precision and clearness. In Mr. Kruger's remarks, there frequently were dialect expressions less easily understood. Here it may be mentioned that at the Cape, in the Orange Free State, and in Transvaal, though they all have the tongue of the Netherlands as their written medium, a distinction is made between the purest genuine Dutch (*het zuivere echte Hollands van Holland*); the so-called African Dutch; and, lastly, what

is often simply called the African tongue, or the "taal." The last is a rather stunted peasant dialect. In all European countries, however—in fact, everywhere—there are dialects beside the written language. Now, when Mr. Kruger occasionally used such words, the perfect English of the Minister of Public Instruction was at hand, and and through him the conversation was mainly conducted.

Mr. Esselen, a man of notable accomplishments, who acted as Secretary, is also—as his name shows—the son of a German. The learned Judge Jorissen, a gentleman of tall, impressive aspect, has done good service in England to his adopted South African country. I remember with pleasure the interesting conversation I have had with him at my house in those troublous times. In the well-known conflict between the High Court of Justice at Pretoria on the one hand, and the Government and Volksraad on the other, Dr. Jorissen took sides, at first, in a manner that laid him open to attack on the part of those who firmly insisted on the natural supremacy of Parliament and its sovereign right to change laws in accordance with the necessity of providing against public danger. It is not the place here to enter more deeply upon this subject. Be it enough to say that Judge Jorissen cannot, at all events, be charged with easy subserviency.

Jonkheer Beelarts van Blokland, whose fine face indicated much thoughtfulness, showed, by the questions he put, that he was apt to look far ahead in a political complication. He was a landowner, a noted parliamentarian in the Netherlands, and of moderate Liberal views inclining to Conservatism. Perhaps I may add here at once a rapid portraiture of one so much spoken of now, also a Hollander by birth—namely, Dr. Leyds, the present Ambassador of the South African Republic to a number of Continental

countries. His acquaintance I made when he passed through London last year. A man in the thirties, of distinguished appearance and highly cultured, he is an able lawyer, and at the same time of an artistic temperament, which his features proclaim. He speaks various languages—among them German, exactly like a German, without the slightest foreign accent. It has been the fashion, in some papers, to paint him as the "evil genius," the "Mephistopheles, of Kruger." The simple fact is that he serves his adopted country, a land peopled by kinsmen of his, with due energy as well as with signal capability.

Those in this country who object to Hollanders doing this in the South African Republic, might as well have objected to Sir Gavan Duffy or Sir Henry Parkes acting similarly in Australian settlements, or to Englishmen being ministers at the Cape, where there is, after all, an overwhelming population, not of Englishmen, but of Dutchmen, whose fathers had founded the Colony that once belonged to Holland—a colony which was taken from Holland when she was under the yoke of the Corsican conqueror.

Hollanders have a natural right to serve their kith and kin in the Transvaal. Even Englishmen have taken public service there. Mr. Mantagu White has here to be mentioned. He is an Englishman by birth, and now a citizen of the South African Republic. As such he has acted in London as its Consul-General. His courteous bearing every one will acknowledge who has come in contact with him. During the late controversies between the Colonial Office and the Government at Pretoria, Mr. Montagu White, in his public remarks, has always perserved the utmost moderation. Yet, in his heart, he knew well what secret forces were working for bringing about a conflict which would finally not leave the

burghers of the Republic any choice.

Of the object for which the Transvaal Deputation came over in 1883, there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt as to the success they achieved, after negotiations extending over many months. The Convention of Pretoria, which, in 1881, had clearly established the Queen's suzerainty, was only passed by the Volksraad under protest. A revision of that Treaty in the future was looked forward to. This was done in 1883-4.

After the forcible annexation of 1877, the overthrown South African Republic had been called the "Transvaal Territory." In 1881, when the armed rising of its population led to an agreement, it was acknowledged as the "Transvaal State." A suzerain right was then reserved for the Queen and her successors, both in the Preamble and in three paragraphs of the Treaty. One of these paragraphs even stipulated for the Crown "the right to move troops through the Transvaal State in case of war," also, that "a British Resident should act as representative of the Suzerain." All this was perfectly clear.

In asking for a revision of that Treaty, the Transvaal Deputation demanded the abolition of the suzerainty and of the Crown rights connected therewith, and the restoration of the name of the South African Republic. After prolonged parleys this was acceded to by what Lord Derby himself declared to be "a New Treaty, in substitution for the Convention of Pretoria." With his own hand he struck out the suzerainty and everything referring to it. The proof of this is contained in the Blue Book. The New Treaty was provided with a new Preamble. The name of the South African Republic was restored too—a fact which in itself implied the restoration to its former independence. When the

Deputation went back to obtain the assent of the Volksraad for the new Treaty, it was openly proclaimed that "last, not least, the suzerainty is abolished." When in the English House of Commons questions were asked about that point in 1890 and 1895, Conservative and Liberal State Secretaries declared that no reservation of the Queen's suzerainty was expressed in the new Treaty of 1884; and that, although Her Majesty retains the power of refusing to sanction certain treaties, it is "a cardinal principle of that settlement that the internal government and legislation of the South African Republic shall not be interfered with."

It is idle, therefore, to say—as Mr. Chamberlain has done—that if the Treaty of 1884 had abolished the Preamble of 1881, "by parity of reason it must be assumed to have also abolished the rights of self-government which was embodied in the same sentence." In no Court of Justice would such reasoning be adopted. The suzerainty having been struck out, and the South African Republic having been restored, that Commonwealth *eo ipso* reverted to its independence and its right of self-government.

For the fact of the suzerainty having been abolished further signal proof can be given, which, so far as I know, has been overlooked even by the eminent legists of both the Liberal and the Conservative party, who have otherwise taken the correct view. The additional decisive argument is this: Under the Convention of 1881, as already said, there was a British Resident at Pretoria, as representative of the Suzerain. A "Resident" marks the State in which he is appointed, as a vassal or feudatory one. British Residents are in the Feudatory States of India, because these states are vassal ones.

Now, by the new treaty with the South African Republic, the Resident was also withdrawn. In his stead

there was to be henceforth "a British officer who discharges functions analogous to those of a Consul"—such as one country sends to another foreign country. The merest tiro in international law will know that this abolition of the Resident proves the abolition of the suzerainty. No rabulistic sophistry can avail against such a fact.

Quite logically, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain, in a despatch written at the time of the Jameson Raid, acknowledged the South African Republic as "a Foreign State, a Foreign Power, with which Her Majesty is at peace and in treaty relations." These expressions again show that, legally, there is no longer any suzerainty. A foreign power cannot be the suzerain over another foreign Power.

This clear acknowledgment of the South African Republic as a Foreign Power disposes also of the assertion that arbitration between her and England could not have taken place. Arbitration between two foreign Powers is quite feasible according to the simplest rules of international law.

Why did Lord Derby, it may be asked, consent to the abolition of the suzerainty? The answer is: he was well known, in 1883-4, to have looked with serious apprehension upon what was then still going on in Ireland. He took into account the troubles which might arise from a renewed strong movement in the rebellious Sister Isle, combined with a state of deep disaffection in the Boer Commonwealths and among their kinsmen at the Cape—troubles which would possibly encourage foreign hostile Powers to harass England. This, no doubt, made him doubly willing to concede what he rightly thought could not harm, but would rather in the end benefit, this country.

I have closely followed the negotiations for the new Treaty. Half an hour before its signature, the English



and French text was placed in my hands at the hotel where the Transvaal Deputation stayed. I will go so far as to say that, in my opinion—which I expressed at the time—Lord Derby would even have yielded still more if the Deputation had absolutely insisted on the proviso contained in Article IV. being also struck out.

That article was in the nature of a separate agreement. Under stress of circumstances there have been many similar agreements in history, without one foreign Power becoming thereby the "vassal" of another Power. Thus, the Swiss Confederacy, after the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), obtained the right of moving its troops, if a war threatened, from her own exposed northern frontier up to a certain line within the German Black Forest. Did the great German Empire of old thereby become the vassal of little Switzerland? Even down to our days the Swiss Confederacy maintained her right of sending its troops, in a similar case, into Savoy. Did Switzerland thereby become the suzerain of the kingdom of Sardinia? The idea is absurd.

I may state here, however, that I fully foresaw what mischief would come from Article IV. I said so, warningly, before the new Treaty was signed. But the Transvaal Deputation did not attach much importance to that paragraph. Their pastoral country, in those days, was living a life far away from the world's concerns. No gold fever had set in, in the direction of the Transvaal, among foreign speculators eager for gain. What did it matter, then, they thought, to consent to such a special proviso, which would scarcely become operative in times to be foreseen? Unfortunately, the warning prediction turned out but too true—and that soon enough.

It came about in this way. Lord Der-

by, having to fence with his opponents in the House of Lords, tried to make use of Article IV. in a smart manner. He had proved an adept in similar arts already in the Cabinet of Mr. Disraeli, during the war of Russia against Turkey, when, by crafty delay, he prevented as Foreign Secretary, the more energetic action intended by the Premier. That object of his having been attained, he left the Conservative Cabinet, and, later on, joined Mr. Gladstone's. Now, in the case of the Treaty of 1884, for which he was attacked among his peers, he used, in his defence, specious and plausible words, saying that though the suzerainty had no longer a place in the new Treaty, "the substance was kept."

Such vague talk, used for overcoming his own parliamentary difficulties, cannot affect the Treaty itself. No man's talk can alter a bond.

To have broken that bond is, in the words of Sir Edward Clarke Q. C. and Solicitor-General of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886-92, "a breach of national faith," and the war which was brought about by such a breach, "a crime against civilization." These words are strong, but not stronger than Mr. Chamberlain's own declarations. Years ago he avowed that to maintain a violent hold over Transvaal would be even more than national folly, namely, a "national crime." In 1896 he exclaimed:—"A war in South Africa would be one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged. It would be in the nature of a civil war; it would be a long war, a bitter war and a costly war. It would leave behind it the embers of strife, which, I believe, generations would hardly be long enough to extinguish. To go to war with President Kruger, in order to force upon him reforms in the affairs of his State, in which Secretaries of State, standing in this place, have repudiated all right of interference—that would be a course



of action as immoral as it would be unwise."

That is the opinion, also, to this hour, of the best friends of England all over Europe. I have before referred to the "International Address" which, in 1881, pleaded for the rights of the Transvaal Commonwealth. It was signed by a galaxy of men of science, of philosophers, poets, political economists, university professors, and Parliamentary leaders in the Netherlands, in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. "In not a few cases"—so I wrote at the time to the then Cabinet Minister, Mr. John Bright, when presenting that Address to him—"some of the most distinguished among them have added letters in which they express the warmest feelings of esteem for the English nation as the promoter of civilization, progress and freedom." At the same time they pleaded for the restoration of the full Transvaal independence in the name of Humanity, of Public Right, of Popular Self-Government and of Peace.

These were not men jealous of the greatness of that England which now rules over a fifth part of the inhabitable globe. Nor were they enamored of the backward state of the peasant inhabitants of the Transvaal. But even as they would have denounced an attack upon Switzerland—whose central cantons leave rather much to be desired in the way of enlightenment and progressive government—as an outrageous crime, so they also stood forward for the simple right of the Transvaal Republic.

This view is still held by the most intelligent minds on the Continent, by men untainted with any feeling of hostility or rivalry against England. They by no means wish to mince matters as to the desirability of ameliorations in the South African Republic. But when they hear the cant about its being, not a Republic, but an "oligarchy," Reformers abroad are apt to remember

what long and bitter struggles it cost during this century in free England to obtain a gradual repeal of religious disqualifications, a mere partial extension of the suffrage, and the abolition of the worst laws oppressing the working classes. They remember that there is still in this country a House of hereditary aristocratic legislators, a feudal tenure of landed property, a landless class of hinds, as well as an increasing proletariat in the large towns; whilst the right of declaring war and making peace is vested in the Crown, and the head of the State expresses approval of an Act of Parliament under an old despotic Norman-French formula.

Every nation has to work out its own political and social salvation. What if an alliance of foreign Powers, possessing strong armies and fleets, were to point the sword at the throat of England with a demand for a change in her institutions? What if, previously to such a demand, there had been a vast influx of foreigners who, on the Queen coming to a large town in which they were settled, did hoist, in contempt of the State in which they live, their own flag as a sign of their seditious intentions? What if these foreigners were afterwards mixed up with a conspiracy and a Raid for overthrowing England's Constitution? What if the organizer of the Raid, who held the position, say, of a French Minister, were to retain it after that criminal, though unsuccessful invasion? Would not Englishmen, with such a series of occurrences before them, have thought it necessary to be cautious as to the admission of that foreign element to the suffrage? Mr. Chamberlain himself declared not long ago:—"The question is, whether President Kruger will consider that that proposal (about the franchise) will endanger the security of the Transvaal Government. If he does, he will be perfectly justified in rejecting it."

And now? Now we hear that it does

not matter whether suzerainty has been abolished or not; that there must be "supremacy, preponderance, paramountcy—call it what you will, call it Abracadabra if you choose"—not only over the Transvaal Republic, but even over the Orange Free State, simply by virtue of superior force. It is this spirit which I am afraid will draw upon England great dangers.

At much personal disadvantage and loss, I have often enough defended England's cause in her foreign and home affairs. I had to go through a similar unpleasant experience when I was bound to oppose English policy in its attempt to promote the disruption of that great American Republic, with which now, after all, an "Anglo-Saxon alliance" is sought. The same disadvantages have been my lot for the steadfast advocacy of the right of the South African Republic.

I can clearly see that those haughty claims of supremacy, of predominance, of paramountcy, this Abracadabra of

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claiming everything "because I am the lion," is beginning to arouse abroad feelings of alarm, of indignation, and of hatred with which England may some day have to reckon. Her best friends all over Europe, men who have undergone much obloquy for having so often sided with her, are turning aside. They unanimously say that President Kruger was systematically forced into his last fatal step, that he was cunningly driven to the wall, and finally had to defend his country, whatever the issue might be.

Two small Republics, mere specks on the African map, may be overthrown by England's superior strength, but the seed of grim wrath thus sown in South Africa will spring up in due time as a vast crop; and when hostile foreign Powers, such as Russia and France, espy their opportunity, a dark day, I fear, may come for a country upon which all true friends of freedom had hitherto looked as upon a beacon light.

Karl Blind.

### "THE SILENCE OF GOD."

There was a double purpose in the remarkable treatise entitled "But is God Silent?" which appeared in these pages in September.<sup>1</sup> The writer's aim was, first, to give proof from the history of Christendom that the divine government of the world is a reality; and, secondly, to criticize and censure the book which appeared two years ago under the title of the present article. Of his main thesis it may be said at once that no one but an infidel disputes it; and a bolder and plainer statement of it will be found in the volume he condemns than he himself has fur-

nished. Here, for example, is one of several kindred passages: "Not that the moral government of the world is in abeyance. Even here and now men reap what they sow. Righteousness prospers, and iniquity brings its own penalty. Not always indeed, nor openly; but generally and with sufficient definiteness to make it clear that this is the rule" (p. 142). Were it not that Mr. Heath quotes from the very chapter from which the above sentence is taken, one might suppose he had only read the first eighteen pages of the book. But the quotation to which I allude is a proof of his incapacity to un-

<sup>1</sup> The Living Age, Nov. 11, 1890.

derstand my meaning. Here are his words: "God, Dr. Anderson actually says, wants neither our morality nor our religion." And he proceeds to deplore the benighted condition of the "Evangelicals" because "a book in which such statements occur" has been received by them "with marked approval." The passage thus misused is as follows: "God claims our homage, and we offer Him our patronage. He claims the undivided devotion of our life and we offer Him religion and morality. But God does not want our patronage; neither does He want our morality or our religion. 'Monstrous!' the reader will exclaim . . ." (p. 133). And I go on to explain and enforce my words. The opening sentences of his article afford a strange and significant instance of a fatal habit of inaccuracy. On the first page he states in my own language the difficulty which my book is designed to answer. It is this: "The divine history of the favored race for thousands of years teems with miracles by which God gave proof of His power with men, and yet we are confronted by the astounding fact that from the days of the Apostles to the present hour the history of Christendom will be searched in vain for the record of a single public event to compel belief that there is a God at all." This surely is plain enough. And yet a few lines further on he re-quotes my words, again in "inverted commas," but substituting the word *produce* for the word "compel;" and on this basis he proceeds to criticize and refute my thesis!

But these personal issues are of trifling and transient interest. Not so, however, the great question raised once again by the article I comment on. It is not the statement of an opinion, but the assertion of a fact, that the history of Christendom does not record "a single public event to compel belief that there is a God." Were it otherwise atheism would be impossible, whereas,

in fact, atheism is the product of the history of Christianity. It is the product, it will be answered, of a morbid view, a perverted reading of it. Yes, undoubtedly; but the deplorable fact remains. Are there no atheists in England to-day? I do not allude to persons like the baser sort of anarchists—men of filthy minds and foul tongues, who, to the discredit of English law, are allowed to outrage decency by their coarse and profane harangues in our public streets and parks—but to men of character and culture, men who hold high rank as thinkers and teachers. Many honored names at once suggest themselves, but there is no need to set them out upon the page. I shall be told, perhaps, that men such as I allude to are not atheists, but only agnostics. The distinction is just, but so far as the present argument is concerned it is a distinction without a difference. These men are deeply read in philosophy and history; they are versed in science in all its branches; they are "men of affairs," some of them; and yet they deliberately reject belief in a personal God. It is no answer to say that such men are a comparatively small minority, or to urge what is possibly quite as true, that the next generation will refuse to give them the eminent position which their contemporaries have accorded them. Their presence among us is a fact which undermines the whole fabric of my critic's argument. Can he compel belief in these men by his narrative of the Nemesis which overtook French nobles or Plantagenet kings? Most of us would think that for the purpose in hand his use of the story of "Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt" is far-fetched and inconclusive as compared with an appeal to the retribution accomplished at Whitehall on January 30, 1649. Let him, then, try the effect of "pointing his moral" by reference to *that* event! Or let him ask those whom he wants to

convince to regard the horrors of the French Revolution as proof that a righteous and loving God is not silent in Christendom. And while he is on the subject of massacres in France, will he explain for us the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the same principle? The plain fact is that his argument is made plausible only by his skilfully getting away from the real question at issue, and then appealing to events so remote that they excite a purely academic interest. The victories of Edward III. in France, we are told, were marked by events which compel belief in God! I make bold to assert that every man of clear and unprejudiced mind, whether he be Christian or Turk or infidel, will reject such a statement as the merest trifling, giving proof that the writer who makes it has utterly failed to grasp the problem he pretends to solve.

Perhaps I ought to pause here to explain once again that I do not question the fact that there is a moral government of the world. But the Christian's intercourse with heaven, which enables him to triumph over difficulties and doubts that overwhelm other men, is not designed to constitute him the interpreter of the judgments and ways of God; for those judgments are unsearchable, and those ways past finding out. But what Boswell was to Johnson some men affect to be to the Supreme, ever ready at a moment's notice to describe and forecast His ways, and to unfold the secrets of His judgments. If the event be a great national disaster, they can label it at once with the precise "vial" or "trumpet" to which it pertains. And as for the sorrows and trials by which humble lives are so often made desolate, they can speak with a freedom and certainty that are quite amazing. There is, indeed, a moral government of the world, but even in "the short and simple annals of the poor" its manifestations are

full of mystery. One element of the mystery depends on the startling but certain fact that, in this world, folly is punished with more definiteness and regularity than sin. Two young men return from the city to their lodging. One goes out to revel in a pre-arranged debauch, the other spends the evening writing to his old home in the country. Through stupid carelessness he scalds his hand by upsetting the teakettle and has to go to the neighboring hospital for treatment. But this is not all. For a week he cannot hold a pen, and he loses his employment in consequence; while his companion goes back to his work next day in the ordinary course. In a "goody" book, no doubt, the story would go on to tell how the "sinner" was exposed and ruined, and "the fool" was taken back and ultimately became a partner in the house. But no one knows better than the Christian that "goody" books are not always to be trusted. Neither are they always wholesome reading. Let a man do right, not because it is right, but on commercial principles, with a view to his own profit, and he will probably succeed—a fact, moreover, which only deepens the mystery which besets us as we seek to understand the ways of God; but his course may end in disaster, and possibly make an atheist of him. Even the Christian knows what it is to suffer, not only in spite of well-doing, but because of it. There is such a thing as being "persecuted for righteousness sake." All which gives incidental proof of the most striking kind that there is a world to come, and a judgment to come, where these anomalies and wrongs shall be redressed and set right. God has two worlds in which to work out His will; man is taken up altogether with but one. And where the believer differs from the unbeliever is precisely in this, that he takes sides with God and is willing to trust the issue to His infinite goodness and wis-

dom. It is not that he believes because he sees. His is the blessedness of those "who have not seen, and yet have believed." For faith is "the proving of things not seen;" it flourishes beneath a silent heaven.

I wish to turn from these side issues to the great truth of transcendent interest which Mr. Heath has challenged and denied. But there is one passage in his article which I cannot leave unnoticed. And lest I should seem to misrepresent him I quote the whole verbatim. It is the following:—

In the next family group passing before us it is made very clear that it is fratricide the Avenger is pursuing. Edward III. and the people who lived in England, Philip IV. and the people who lived in France, were all baptized into Christ. For baptized men to fight and kill each other is the most heinous form of fratricide. Edward III. lived in an age when this truth was very clear, much clearer than it is to-day, for five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity have not been without blinding and stupefying effects. Edward's light being greater than ours, his punishment was more rapid and distinct.

This is really astounding. It is not strange, perhaps, Christendom being what it is, that the pagan sgment of baptismal regeneration should be referred to thus as "fundamental" to Christianity, for in fact it is fundamental to the apostasy which seeks to supplant Christianity.<sup>2</sup> But what shall be thought of a writer who, in this year of grace, and here in England, too, has the effrontery to speak in terms like these of the era which included the dawn and triumph of the Reformation, and the regeneration of society which has resulted from that glorious emancipation of the human mind from the

degrading bondage of superstition and priestcraft! "Five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity," which "have not been without blinding and stupefying effects." It is not easy to find fitting language in which to describe such monstrous words. I content myself by thus placing them and their author in the pillory, and turning away to the main question at issue. I will make no further reference to Mr. Heath, save to quote his own statement of that which he seeks to establish in refutation of my argument. As regards the attitude and action of God towards men, he declares "there can be no real difference between the times covered by the Bible and those in which we live." Is this dictum true?

The silence of God is no new experience peculiar to the Christian age. The Psalms are full of it; and the combined literature of the world will be searched in vain for any record of the struggles and yearnings and triumphs of spiritual men that can compare for a moment with those Hebrew Psalms. "The Former Prophets," as the earlier historical books were designated, abound in references to experiences of a kindred type. But in every instance the record expresses, or clearly implies, the fact that the silence was deemed abnormal. With them there was nothing incredible or even strange in the announcement that a prophet had appeared in Israel, or that some public miracle had proclaimed the power of God as again in operation for their deliverance. The event had served to remind them of what their fathers had told them. And so was it also in Messianic times. Men looked for miracles to accredit the Messiah. And the repeated warnings against false prophets recognized the fact that there were

<sup>2</sup> The pagan origin of baptismal regeneration is proved with remorseless clearness in Dr. Hatch's "Hibbert Lectures," 1888 (No. X.) 1

have dealt fully with the same subject in "The Buddha of Christendom," ch. ix., to which I take the liberty of referring.



true prophets to whom they should give heed. According to the New Testament, moreover, the miracles abounded, and the prophets themselves were not few.

The question arises then, How is it that in the Christian dispensation we have neither miracle nor prophet? Or, to put it still more tersely, Why is God silent? To this question three replies are offered, all independent and mutually antagonistic. They emanate from separate and hostile camps. Writing for these pages, brevity is essential; and it is only for the sake of brevity, and with no wish to give offence, that I designate each of these camps by a single word. They are the sceptical, the superstitious and the Christian. The two former give answers which meet the difficulty by disposing of it. The one denies the reality of miracles and prophecy altogether; the other denies that they have ceased. Until our own times the sceptical position was maintained only by avowed infidels; but in these days open infidelity is silent, because so-called Christian pulpits are disseminating its principles. The majority, perhaps, of our theological colleges are mere nurseries either of pagan superstition or of systematized unbelief; and the ordained ministry of our various Churches is being largely recruited by men whose effort is either to drag the people of this country back into the darkness from which the Reformation delivered our forefathers, or else to lead them away into the dreary swamp of German rationalism. With Eichhorn, the poetic warmth of Oriental thought and language afforded an adequate explanation of the Bible record of miracles. The writers wrote as they were accustomed to think, leaving out of view all second causes, and attributing results immediately to God. This theory was received with enthusiasm. But there is no permanence in error; like artificial light, it needs con-

stant readjustment and renewal. So the popularity of Eichhorn's theories was shortlived, and in time they were rejected in favor of the system of which De Wette was the foremost exponent. According to him the errors of the sacred writers—and their belief in the miracles was of the number—were due to the extreme literalness with which they accepted the legends of earlier days.

But an hypothesis of this kind was plausible only because, at that time, criticism had run riot in Germany. Every book of Scripture had been relegated to a later age than that to which it claimed to belong. Says Professor Harnack of Berlin, himself a foremost champion of unorthodoxy and free thought:—

There was a time—the general public, indeed, has not got beyond it—in which the oldest Christian literature, including the New Testament, was looked upon as a tissue of deceptions and forgeries. That time is past. For science it was an episode in which it learned much, and after which it has much to forget. . . . The oldest literature of the Church in all main points and in most details, from the point of view of literary criticism, is genuine and trustworthy. In the whole New Testament there is in all probability only a single writing which can be looked upon as pseudonymous in the strictest sense of the word—i.e., the second Epistle of Peter.

The very highest (unorthodox) scholarship of to-day thus explodes the theories of De Wette and his tribe. The successors of the men who sought to discredit these sacred books now assure us that they are the "genuine and trustworthy" writings of those who were eye-witnesses of the events they record—themselves the earliest accredited exponents of Christianity and practically the founders of the Christian system. It is impossible, there-



fore, any longer to reject the miracles, save by taking sides with Hume in his blind and stupid scepticism of the pig-headed "boot-eater" in the jury-room, who sets his back against the wall, and declares that, no matter what the evidence may be, he won't agree to a verdict.

But the scepticism of Hume was at least consistent with itself; not so, however, the scepticism of those who pose as ministers of a religion of which faith is the essential characteristic. The great aim and effort of these men is to account for the Bible on natural principles. Inspiration they will not hear of, for every element of the miraculous they utterly reject. And yet they profess to believe that the Nazarene was the divinely begotten son of a virgin, and that having been crucified on Calvary, He was raised from the dead, and ascended into heaven. And when challenged to justify their faith they appeal to the Apostles and Evangelists of the New Testament. In a word, they believe in the most transcendent and incredible of all the miracles, upon the authority of men whose testimony to the common miracles of the Gospel narrative they reject! Here is a dilemma from which there is no escape. If the New Testament be in any sense inspired, the truth of the miracles is assured; if not, the only rational basis for our faith in Christianity is destroyed. The fact is that these end-of-the-century exponents of what they imagine to be a loftier and more intellectual faith are, after all, like their prototypes, the Sadducees of old, the unintelligent advocates of an impossible compromise. Every free and fearless thinker here finds himself compelled to make a choice "between a deeper faith and a bolder unbelief."

The sceptical answer to our problem may therefore be dismissed. What I have called the superstitious answer next claims consideration. God is not

silent, we are told. The Church is His Oracle; and by the Church He speaks to men as really, as definitely, as He "spoke in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." The voice of the Church is the voice of God.

The epithet by which I have characterized this position of course declares my attitude towards it. And whether we speak as Christians or as Englishmen, we are justified in branding it as superstition. As Christians we know that the New Testament will be appealed to in vain to support it. And as Englishmen we know that this was precisely the battle ground of the Reformation—that "great rebellion of the laity against the priesthood" to which, as Macaulay, who thus describes it, so justly declares, we are chiefly indebted "for political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom brought in their train."

It seems but yesterday that here in England men spoke of the Reformation as they spoke of the other great triumphs by which our liberties as a nation have been secured: it was regarded as a national decision which was irreversible and final. But all this is changed. With Wycliff and Tyndale and the pioneers of the Reformation, with the martyrs who fell in that glorious struggle, and with the men who achieved that glorious victory, the great question at issue was the claim of "the Church" to speak in the name of God. They denied the Church's authority and defied its power, refusing to recognize any divine oracle save the Bible. But the question which our fathers supposed the Reformation had settled forever in England is the pivot upon which the whole Ritualistic controversy turns. The majority of the English bishops, and a large and ever-growing body of the English clergy, have abandoned the principles of the Reformation, and fallen back upon the

errors and superstitions of the apostasy.

According to the formularies of the Church of England—the Church of the Reformation—"the Church" is defined as "a (that is *any*) congregation of faithful men," etc. Its functions are (not to be an oracle, but) "a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ."<sup>3</sup> And the "Holy Catholic Church" is expressly described as "the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world."<sup>4</sup> But with the Ritualists "the Church" is the apostate system which rests upon Apostolic Succession, and which claims inherent authority to speak in the name of God. As the public prayers are offered weekly "for the good estate of the Catholic Church," the Christians in one pew—loyal members of the Church of England—are invoking blessings upon their fellow Christians "dispersed throughout the whole world," while the Neo-Romanists in the adjoining pew are insulting the Almighty by fathering upon Him that evil system which has trampled upon His word and shed the blood of His faithful martyrs.

This is not an explosion of Protestant rhetoric, but a sober statement of plain facts. The Church of England so defines "the Church" as to include all Christian communities in which "the pure word of God is preached and the Sacraments be duly administered," whereas the Ritualists ostentatiously pervert it to mean those communities which stand upon Apostolic Succession in an Episcopacy, giving prominence to the Church of Rome; albeit the Church of which they are the paid servants expressly repudiates Rome, denouncing its most characteristic ordinances as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."<sup>5</sup> Here in England thought is free, and every man is en-

titled to his own opinion. But what shall be our judgment of men who accept a public position and public funds, expressly provided for the dissemination and support of certain definite principles, and then pervert the position and means thus obtained to the advancement of principles wholly antagonistic?

The alarming growth of the Ritualistic movement is due to many causes. Among them may be enumerated the prevailing ignorance of Church history, and the lack of any fair effort to enlighten public opinion on the subject. Nonconformity seems so incapable of freeing itself from the strife of party politics that it tends rather to aggravate that to check the evil. And the Evangelicals are no longer a party, and no longer a power in England. Compromise is inscribed upon their banner. Their persistent efforts to reconcile the principles of the Reformation with the practices of the Ritualists, have only resulted, as might have been anticipated, in the loss of their principles and, as a further consequence, the loss of their influence.

The prevailing ignorance of Church history is, in fact, amazing. Ninety-nine people in a hundred believe that the Church—the primitive Church of the Fathers—entered "the dark ages" united and pure, and was afterwards corrupted by the growing power of Rome. This is a sheer delusion. Kingsley's "Hypatia," though avowedly a romance, gives a truthful picture of the state of the African Church in the days of Cyril of Alexandria, that turbulent ruffian who figures as a "Saint" in the ecclesiastical calendar. Salvian's famous treatise on "Providence" discloses the appalling corruptions of the Church in Europe at the same epoch. And Salvian of Marseilles was a man of mark who enjoyed the respect of his contemporaries; not an ascetic trained in a monastery, and ready to look with

<sup>3</sup> Articles XIX. and XX.

<sup>4</sup> Articles XIX. and XXXI.

<sup>5</sup> The 55th Canon of the Convocation of 1603.

jaundiced eyes upon all legitimate enjoyments and recreations, but a man of the world, who had seen much of life, first in heathen and then in Christian society, before, at middle age, he was ordained a presbyter. No fairer or more competent witness could be found, and his testimony is explicit and emphatic, that in that much vaunted age, when persecution had long ceased, and the writings of the great Fathers were freely circulating, the professing Church of Christendom was "a sink of vices," and the Christians were steeped in flagrant immorality that shocked even the heathen by whom they were surrounded.\*

Men imagine that the dark ages quenched the light of Christianity; as a matter of fact it was the Church in its apostasy which stamped its own character upon those evil days. And any one who holds a brief for the defence of the Church of Rome will not fail to find material to sustain the plea that at that time the influence of that Church was largely on the side of morality and truth. But the entire mass was so hopelessly corrupt that recovery was impossible, until in later times the reformers rescued the Bible from the polluted hands of the Historic Church, and distributed it broadcast among the people. The Bible was the power behind the Reformation, and the Reformation has made this nation of England what it is. The Anglo-Saxon race has, of late, become a fetich. The Norman Conquest is forgotten. As a matter of fact tens of thousands of typical Englishmen, holding positions of influence in this country, are of French descent. The English character does not depend upon race, but upon our national traditions and environment. And the Reformation has done more than all other causes combined to create what I

may term the habit of liberty, which is our most distinctive national characteristic. And, it may be added, it is to the Reformation that even "the Historic Church" owes its present influence for evil. If the Reformation had not compelled it to set its house in order—if immoral ecclesiastics were not as few to-day as were moral ecclesiastics in pre-Reformation times—the religion of Christendom would long since have ceased to be a power in the world. To represent the Church as the divine oracle is to presume upon the ignorance and credulity of men, and upon the forbearance of God.

I accept it, then, as a fact that, in the earlier dispensations, God spoke by His prophets and by public displays of His power, but that in this Christian dispensation there is neither oracle nor miracle, except, of course, in the pages of the Bible and the hidden experiences of spiritual men. And the question still remains unanswered, How can this most strange and significant fact be accounted for? The inference is irresistible that some great crisis has been reached. But what is the nature of it? Christianity vetoes the suggestion that divine mercy has been exhausted, and the race cast off to await its doom. And yet there is but one other alternative suggestion possible; and this it is that I so confidently urge as the true solution of the mystery. It is that in the Christian gospel divine revelation has reached its climax. In the open page of nature the "eternal power and Godhead" of the Supreme are "clearly seen." But as a testimony to His infinite benevolence that page is sadly blurred by the effects of sin. There is not a single line of Scripture that points to nature as the manifestation of His love. Nor is there a single line of the Old Testament that speaks

\* The space at my disposal precludes my setting out the evidence on which this terrible in-

dictionment rests. But I have done so in the pages of "The Buddha of Christendom."

of His love to outcast and sinful men. "Surely God is good to Israel, even to such as are pure in heart"—such was the burden of its testimony. It was the advent and death of the Only-begotten Son that revealed His love to a lost and evil world. His love has thus been "manifested"—openly exhibited. It is no mere theory of doctrine, but a public fact. And for those who recognize that fact, a silent heaven has neither mystery nor terror. To say that for such "ills have no weight" is one of those sentimental exaggerations in which our popular hymns abound; but the words which follow in the well-known line—"And tears no bitterness"—are absolutely true.

To enlarge on this would involve a digression unsuited to the pages of a secular review. An appeal to the deeper currents of Scripture truth, and the deeper experiences of spiritual men, affords a complete refutation of some of the most popular and mischievous attacks upon Christianity. But such attacks are delivered from the standpoint of human thought, and therefore our secular literature takes cognizance of them; whereas the essentially spiritual element both of Scripture and of life is unnoticed save by the strictly religious press. And as a consequence the vast majority of those who imbibe the poison never even hear of the antidote. I cannot attempt, therefore, to repeat in these pages what I have urged elsewhere on the subject. I cannot, for

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example, turn aside to emphasize how entirely the distinctive tone and character of the life of faith in this Christian dispensation depend upon the fact that heaven is silent. I must content myself by suggesting that even in the human sphere we understand the principles I am contending for. Men send their sons to public schools just because experience proves that the absence of the parental care that is ever ready to shield them from hardships and to guide them in difficulties serves to develop their character and to make stronger men of them. And as for the divine silence in its aspect towards the world, I would urge that there is no greater proof of weakness in a man than incapacity to keep silence when all that is adequate and necessary has been already spoken. Heaven is silent because Christianity affords the full and final revelation of the divine character and the divine will. And the fact that men pervert or ignore that revelation gives them no valid claim to further light. The "Pharisee," rightly insisting upon the fact of human depravity, misrepresents the deity as alienated and hostile, and sets up "the Church" to mediate between Him and sinful men. The "Sadducee," on the other hand, denies the depravity, and therefore the need of mediation. But the Christian, recognizing both, rejoices in a God of love who, in and by the divine and only Mediator, is reconciling fallen and guilty men to Himself.

R. Anderson.

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### "HAPPY WORM" SAYS THE EAGLE, "THOU CANST CREEP."

God set thy nature in a certain key;  
Therein do thou work out the melody.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE PERISHING LAND.\*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

V.

THE BEGINNING OF AUTUMN WORK.

It was Monday; the day but one after Rosette had paid her visit to the sisters Michelonne. All the day before the rain-clouds had been coming up, one after another, out of the sea and emptying their contents upon the parched land, in heavy showers, as grain is poured from the mouth of a sack. Many leaves had fallen from the higher branches of the trees, and those that remained were drooping, while the peculiar fragrance of wet woodlands ascended toward the calm and milky sky. Not a bird sang, nor a zephyr stirred. The whole countryside appeared to be listening for the fall of the last drops, which splashed at intervals under the trees with a kind of metallic vibration. Something had seemingly died during the storm, for which the world was yet grieving; and indeed the distant creak of cart-wheels along the ridge behind Fromentière, and the calling of an ox-driver to his beasts, told that autumn work had begun.

At Fromentière itself, Eleanore and Marie-Rose were heating the oven in the great bake-house on the left hand side of the house, two-thirds of the way down, which divided the sisters' room from the little chamber where François slept. The flames leaped from the semi-circular opening at the back of the room in big spirals, or in pointed tongues, which were like clusters of red leaves turned back upon their stems. Eleanore, in an old calico gown that clung close to her form, stood still by the mouth of the oven, lifting with

an iron fork large bunches of thorn-branches from a heap that lay at her feet and thrusting them into the blaze. Marie-Rose went and came, bringing the unbaked dough in straw bread-baskets, and neither of them spoke, for there had been nothing like intimacy between the sisters now for some time. But Eleanore turned her eyes toward the court-yard so often and so anxiously that Rosette finally said:

"What are you expecting, Leonore?"

"Nothing," said the elder sullenly.

"I'm hot, and the fire makes my eyes smart."

She began to separate the glowing coals and to make a sloping wall of them all round the oven. When this was done, "Now help me put the loaves in," she said.

One by one the heaps of dough, marbled with branching cracks and streaks of flour, were tossed by Rosette upon a large flat shovel, which was thrust by Eleanore in among the burning coals and swiftly withdrawn. There were twenty twelve-pound loaves, enough to feed all Fromentière for a fortnight with something over to give to the poor on a Monday. When the last of the loaves had been adjusted near the front, Eleanore closed the mouth of the oven with a zinc plate, and the sisters wiped their moist faces upon their sleeves; and as a smell of fresh bread began to issue from the chinks of the oven a loud and jolly voice was heard calling outside:

"Is Monsieur François Lumineau here?"

It was the voice of the postman, who

had come rather often to Fromentière of late, and who now flung down upon the table a letter with a printed address at the top of the cover. He then added, by way of making himself pleasant, "Here's another, Mamselle Leonore, come by the railway! You must have friends down below!"

"Thanks," replied Eleanore, hastily cramming the letter into the pocket of her apron. "I will give it to my brother. It's good weather for tramping to-day."

"Better than for heating ovens, I should say," returned the man, wheeling round upon the flat-soled shoes in which he made seven leagues a day for thirty sous, and so departed.

Eleanore stood leaning against the jamb of the door, quite oblivious of his going. She gazed as though fascinated at the rim of bluish paper protruding from her pocket, and seemed very much moved. Her eyelids swelled and her chest heaved under the calico corsage, spotted with flour and soot.

"You have secrets, I know that very well," said Marie-Rose from behind her. "I don't ask what they are. I am quite used to being alone in this house, but I can see things! Only yesterday you went with François to read a paper in the little alley-way by the Michelonne house, and I could see you making great gestures while I was getting my money, and crying! Oh, but you cried! It is very sad, Eleanore, to see one's sister weeping, without knowing anything about it, or being able to say a word."

To the utter amazement of Rosette, her tall sister stretched out a hand behind her without a word, and the hand trembled. Then she drew the little one to her heart, which was beating wildly, and, for the first time in years overcome by emotion, she laid her cheek upon Rosette's forehead, and burst out sobbing.

"Oh, yes—my poor Rosette," she

cried, "there is a secret, and so big a one that I shall never have another like it. I can't tell you! It's there in that letter, but François will have to read it first, and then our father. Good God, how unhappy I am!"

With the utmost tenderness Rosette pressed her cheek against her sister's wet one.

"But the secret, Leonore, does not concern any one but François, does it?"

"No, no—it concerns me, too! Oh, Rosette, when you know! It was François who persuaded me: he said so much, and now the thing is done. I have signed! And yet, but for him, I know that I could not do it; I should break the bargain even now! I would refuse—"

"You are not going away, Leonore!" cried the younger, falling back. The other turned very pale, and made no reply.

"Going?" repeated Rosette. "Going where? Oh, Leonore, do not leave us!"

"Hush!" cried the other sharply, recovering from her momentary stupefaction, and pushing back, with an angry gesture, the sister whom she had just before drawn to her in her distress. Don't say such things! Do you want to betray us?"

"Not at all. I—"

"They are coming! You knew it, and you spoke for them to hear. Tell-tale!"

"I did not!"

"Well, there they are! Listen!"

The distant footsteps could indeed be heard of the men straggling homeward for their noon-day meal. Eleanore was as one beside herself. In a voice choked with emotion, and almost beseeching, she resumed:

"It is Mathurin who is ahead. If only he did not hear what you said! Rosette, the moment he sees me, he will guess the whole! I can't go into the house with my eyes all red like this.



Go in my place and give them their soup! I will be there in a moment."

The men lounged in in their customary fashion, none but François suspecting the tidings which awaited them. The heat of the atmosphere had now dried the grass and the foliage, and under the softly veiled sunshine the day was wonderfully sweet. Flocks of linnets fluttered and hopped about the carts from which thistles, trampled by the feet of the cattle, hung limply, while an odor of new bread was diffused all over the farm.

Refreshed by these wholesome and familiar smells, the old farmer strode into the living-room, whither Mathurin had preceded him. The moment they had disappeared Eleanore, who had been watching from the bake-house door, crossed the court-yard and joined François in the stable. The latter had just let fall a heavy load of maize, and was winding up around his elbow the rope that had bound it.

"Stop," said she, "they are calling you; your letter cuts me to the heart!"

Still very pale, Eleanore held out the missive and saw it change hands with a tremulous dread of her own unknown fate.

"When is it to be? Make haste!"

The lad showed no emotion, but essaying to mark his masculine superiority by a smile, he slowly tore the envelope with his large, moist fingers, and said, after a moment's pause:

"Well, it is for tomorrow!"

"Good Heavens! Tomorrow?"

"Yes. I must be at La Roche at noon to get my place on the railway."

Eleanore covered her face with her hands.

"You're not going to desert me now!" said the man. "Do you want to back out?"

"No, no, François! But—tomorrow!"

"You might as well say to-night—straight away! You ought to have expected as much. It is two months

since you engaged yourself to the man who keeps the restaurant at the Rue Neuve. Did you sign a contract—or did you not?"

"Yes."

"Did you promise also to keep house for me?"

"Yes, François."

"When you asked me to find you a good place at La Roche, I said I would if you would promise to keep my house. I must have somebody, of course! But now you want to get out of it!"

"I didn't say that—"

"Well, I shall tell our father, at once, what you promised me. Stay here, if you prefer, but you'll have a fine time of it at Fromentière when I am gone, not to speak of the suit the man at La Roche will bring against you for not keeping to your bargain. Stay if you like! I shall go."

She withdrew her hands from her face, and ever obedient to the impulse of the moment, answered:

"I will go. I can be ready whenever you say, but I would rather not hear you tell my father. Don't speak to him when I am by!"

So saying, she hurried out of the stable and back to the living-room to help serve the dinner, while François remained to give the oxen their fodder, and lingered a little—even he—over the task.

Toussaint Lumineau was conversing tranquilly with Mathurin. Seated side by side at table, over their plates of steaming soup, they discussed the hiring of a new servant.

"I can find some one at the fair at Challans," said the father.

"That will be too late."

"We will get on somehow until then, my boy. I can do a good deal myself, and I shall choose a country lad—"

"Only not a Boquin this time! We have had enough of that."

"Don't abuse him, Mathurin! I turned off Jean Nesmy, and I did well; but

when it comes to work there was no fault to be found with him. He was an honest husbandman, who loved the soil. While some—"

Rosette, where she stood like a statue by the window, with her eyes cast down, was listening eagerly, but at that moment François came in.

"While some," the farmer went on raising his voice a little, "are not altogether so trustworthy. Isn't it so, François."

The blond youth shrugged his shoulders as he took his seat.

"The work is too hard," he said. "I haven't been able to get used to it since I came back from camp."

"Shame on you," cried Mathurin, "you're no more than half a peasant! If I could walk, father wouldn't need to hire a hand at all! Look here!" and he thrust out an arm, the muscles of which swelled under the sleeve of his shirt like knots under the bark of an oak-tree, while the blood rushed into his face until the veins of his forehead were distended, and his very eyes became suffused.

"Poor lad!" said the father, laying a soothing touch upon Mathurin's hand. "It is quite true. Your misfortune has been a sore thing for Fromentière." Then, after a short pause, he added:

"But we'll do a good bit of work yet, my children, with François, and our 'Driot, who will soon be here, and the man I am going to hire. My notion is that we'll go to work to-day in the quail-field, which we haven't touched for two years. The rain will have softened the earth, so that we can plough."

Eleanore, who had that moment opened the door leading from the pantry, paused in much agitation, for she fancied from the movement of François's lips that he was about to reveal their secret. But the meal went on, and the younger son said not a word.

As they were about to leave the table

Mathurin glanced out through the smoky window panes and said:

"Will you take me with you, father, down yonder?"

"Of course I will! Get out the hand-cart, Leonore, and you, François, yoke up the beasts!"

The master of Fromentière was almost gay. The children thought it was because 'Driot, whom he named a dozen times a day, would soon be there, but it was really only that his spirits rose with the commencement of the autumn work. A few minutes later he passed around his waist the strap attached to the little wooden box in which the cripple was seated, and began pulling away, as one hauls a boat, while François guided the yoked beasts slightly in advance. They followed, as they ascended, the marks of Jean Nesmy's footsteps in the dust—four superb oxen, preceded by a gray mare. Noblet, Cavalier, Paladin and Matelot were of the same age and of the same yellowish color, all with high backs, wide-spreading horns and a slow, easy gait. They drew the plough easily up the incline, for the share was lifted, and whenever a spray of bramble straggling across the path attracted their foamy muzzles, they stopped simultaneously, and the chain by which the forward pair was attached to the pole fell clanking to the ground. François paced beside them with a sombre brow, preoccupied by a single thought, which was not of the day's work.

The farmer and the invalid behind him were almost as taciturn as he, but their reflections were bounded by the visible horizon. They regarded with the same tranquil affection the hedges, the ditches and the angles of the fields whereof they caught glimpses as they passed. Their minds dwelt upon the same primitive and simple facts, and their common musings were a sign of their vocation,—the badge of the glorious calling of those who keep the world

alive. When they reached the piece called the quail-field, at the top of the ridge, the father helped Mathurin get out of his cart, and settle himself comfortably under a service-tree whose branches cast their shadow across the slope. The fallow land fell away before them in a regular curve, bristling with dry grasses and bracken. The rectangular piece was bounded all round by a hedge, and beyond that which ran along the lower side, the featureless blue level of the Marais could be seen far below.

Pulling out the pin which held the share suspended the farmer himself set the plough alongside the hedge on the left, and adjusted it carefully.

"You've a warm corner there, Mathurin," he said, "and now do you, François, guide the oxen straight. It's a fine day for work. Get up, Noblet, Caveller, Paladin, Matelot!"

A touch of the whip-lash made the mare start forward, and the oxen lower their horns and stretch the muscles of their legs. The ploughshare penetrated the soil with a sound like that of a sickle being sharpened, and the brown earth opened, forming a ridge on either side which trembled as it rose and finally broke like the wave lifted by a vessel's prow. The good creatures went beautifully, in a straight line, the muscles working under their regularly wrinkled hides, with no more seeming effort than if they had been drawing an empty cart along a smooth road. Grass, clover, wild oats, plantain, pimpernel and lucerne were uprooted and laid low, mingled with brown pods and brakes which leaned sideways on their folded fronds, like young oak-trees just felled. A mist arose from the upturned earth, engendered by the heat of the day, while amid the dust raised by the tread of the beasts the team went forward as in a reddish aureole, through which darted myriads of flies. And enviously from under the shelter

of the service-tree Mathurin saw dimming, as they descended, the forms of his father, his brother, the gray mare and the four stout oxen.

It was pure joy to the farmer to feel the plough-handles in his grasp. "Look out, François! Don't let Noblet shirk! Touch up Matelot! The mare swerves a little to the right! Come, come, my lad, are you asleep?"

But the youth took little pleasure in the performance. He was thinking that he must speak, and he was beginning to be horribly afraid to do so. He turned at the bottom of the field and came back, tracing a second furrow beside the first. The horns of the oxen and the spur of his goad reappeared above the rim of grass that bounded Mathurin's view, and the latter saluted the return of the team by trollying forth a snatch of the slow song which every ploughman sings. 'Tis a strain as ancient as the toil itself, which heartens the beasts, who know its rhythm well, as it accompanies the creak of the revolving wheels. Far away over the hedge-rows floated the primitive notes, telling to those who toiled elsewhere that they were ploughing the fallow in the Lumineau's quail-field. It was a sweet sound to the farmer, but François remained sombre.

When the team arrived at the service-tree, Mathurin said, "You'll do well, father, to reset the vineyard which is failing. When André comes, we'd better set about that. What do you say?"

For he was always musing on the future of Fromentière.

The farmer stayed his oxen, lifted his moist hair and smiled, well-pleased.

"You have capital ideas, Mathurin," he said, "and if the corn comes up well in the quail-field, I vow I'll do as you say. I'll buy a new lot of plants, and reset the vineyard. 'Tis a good bit of work we're doing to-day. Holloa, François, put the harness right, and look out for the mare, who is getting heated!"

Pat her a little and stand where she can see you. She will go all the better!"

The team resumed its motion in a cloud of golden dust. Beasts and men alike were panting now, and the flies swarmed thickly, while turtle-doves, gorged with feasting in the hot stubble, rose and alighted on the elms.

"It is your turn now, François," said the farmer, when they were half-way down the field, for the invalid had stopped singing. "Tune up, my lad! It encourages the beasts!"

The youth plodded on for a dozen paces or so, and then made an effort to sing—"Oh ho, good fellows, oh ho!" His voice, which was higher-pitched than Mathurin's, and quavered a little, caused the cattle to prick up their ears, but it died away suddenly in his throat, for an uncontrollable panic had seized the ploughman. He straightened himself, threw up his chin towards the Marais, made one more attempt, and produced three notes which ended in a sob. Coloring deeply he resumed his march with eyes fixed on the ground, but glancing back from time to time at the old farmer, who looked steadily at him over the backs of the cattle.

Not a word was spoken upon either side until they had finished their furrow. But at the bottom of the field the farmer spoke, out of a troubled heart:

"Something ails you, François. What is it?"

They were standing about three feet apart, the father nearest the hedge, the son on the other side of the team, at the heads of the forward pair of oxen.

"The fact is, father—I am going away."

"What's that you say? Has the heat been too much for you? Are you ill?"

But even as he spoke, the old man read in the expression of his son's face that it was not a question of any mere temporary illness, but of some great

misfortune. And François, now that he had spoken out, rested his hand upon Noblet's back as if to steady himself, and though his legs shook under him in his feverish excitement, he went on with a hard and insolent look:

"I've had enough of it! I'm done!"

"Enough of what, my lad?"

"Of ploughing, and planting, and cattle-feeding! I'm not going to wear myself out at twenty-seven earning money that all goes into the farm! I want to be my own master, and get something for myself! I've got a place on the railway, and I'm going to work tomorrow! Tomorrow, do you hear?"

He had worked himself into a rage, and went on furiously:

"I've got my appointment, I tell you! The thing is done! And Eleanore is going too, to keep house for me. She's another who has had enough of it; and she is coming to La Roche with me, and has found work there that will pay her well; better at all events than what she does here! And then she may marry. There are plenty of good fellows there—though you need not tell her I said so. And don't look at me like that! We've given you all the time you had any right to claim, father! We have waited till André had finished his service. It is his turn to help you now."

The farmer stood as if dazed by the blow. With clenched teeth, and resting one arm on the plough, he gazed fixedly and silently at François like one who has lost his reason. Slowly the truth came home to him with all the pain that it involved.

"François, what you say is impossible. Eleanore has never complained of what she had to do."

"Perhaps not—to you."

"And as for you—your place has not been a hard one. If I have had to spur you up a little now and then 'tis because these last years have been hard for us all. But now, I am going to hire

a man, and 'Driot will be here in a fortnight, and that will make four with me, who am worth something yet! You will not go François?"

"Yes, I shall."

"Where can you do better than at home? Have you not had enough to eat?"

"Yes."

"Have I ever denied you clothes, or money for tobacco?"

"No."

"François, it is you who have never been the same since you left the regiment."

"Maybe so."

"But say that you will not go away."

The young man only fumbled in his vest pocket and drew forth his letter.

"It is for tomorrow noon, I tell you, and if you don't believe me you can read that."

The father held out his hand mechanically, over the neck of the oxen, but it trembled so violently that he could scarcely grasp the letter. When he had done so, a sudden movement of repugnance seized him, and instead of opening it, he crushed, twisted, and tore it into bits, which he flung down and ground down into the soft earth with his sabots.

"The letter's disposed of!" he cried. Now, will you go?"

"That makes no difference," answered François, doggedly, and he made an attempt to slip past his father and escape. But a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a commanding voice said:

"Stay where you are!"

The son had no choice but to remain.

"Who engaged you, François?"

"The directors."

"I mean who advised you? You would never have done this thing of your own accord. Some gentleman or other influenced you. Who was it?"

François hesitated a instant, then feeling himself a prisoner he stammered out:

"M. Meffray."

His father gave him a violent push that sent him stumbling over the grass. "Off with you," he roared, "and put the red mare into the gig this instant! I'll go and see M. Meffray myself!"

So much he said in his wrath, but when his son had vanished obediently, in the direction of the farm, and he found himself alone at the bottom of the field, a feeling of anguish came over him. Hitherto in the hard places of life he had always found some one to help him. This time, surprised by danger in the very press of toil, thrown back upon himself, his eye involuntarily roved the fields in search of a deliverer, an ally, some one to counsel and defend him. His oxen, as they stood idle, watched him earnestly, while his glance was for one instant arrested by the spire of Sallertaine Church. But no—the Curé could not help him. Good and dear friend though he was, and readily as he would have gone to him, Toussaint Lumineau knew the Curé to be powerless against the men of the town—the government employes—that whole immense unknown which extended all round the parish. Passing over the Church and the Marais farms, his eye returned and rested for an instant on the pointed gables of the chateau of Fromentière. Ah, if the Marquis were only there! He was not a man to be intimidated by gold-braid and official titles, and the sort of talk that poor folk do not understand. And expense was nothing to him. He'd have come from Paris rather than let an old *Maraichin* be turned out of house and home. But, alas! the chateau was empty. There was no master any more; and as the old farmer's gaze returned to the freshly-turned furrows leading up from where he stood to the service-tree, he

suddenly bethought him that Mathurin was waiting there, doubtless in much astonishment, and that he must say something to him that would not agitate him too much.

"Holloa, there!" shouted Lumineau; and from over the brow of the hill, through the tranquil air, came the sound of an answering voice:

"Here I am! Are you not coming up?"

"No. The pole-chain is broken. I am taking out the oxen."

"All right."

"Don't mind, Mathurin! I'll go back by the meadow-path, and Rosette shall come for you."

There was a gap filled with thorn-branches at the foot of the field, opening on a narrow strip of meadow by which one could return to Fromentière; choosing this route for the sake of avoiding Mathurin's questions, the farmer touched his beasts and departed.

In the court-yard he found the gig already harnessed, and François in his Sunday-best waiting beside it.

"Put up the oxen," he said roughly, and passed on to the house-door, where he called loudly:

"Eleanore!"

Receiving no answer he entered the house, passed through the pantry, and came upon Rosette.

"Where is your sister?"

"A minute ago she was in the court talking to François. Shall I go for her?"

"No, I will go myself. We have some business at Challans, Rosette,—François and I. We shall be back before supper. Go you for Mathurin, who will be getting tired out in the quail-field, and bring him home."

And without another word Lumineau returned to the spot where François was waiting, climbed into the gig, made a sign to his son to get up beside him, and sharply lashed the mare, who,

quite unused to such rough treatment, started off at a gallop.

"Why are they going at such a pace?" thought the few people who saw them pass—the observers whom nothing escapes—tavern-keepers before their doors, tramps upon the road, inquisitive peasants bobbing up between two tree-trunks. "Whatever is the matter? There's old Lumineau lashing the red mare, like a runaway servant whose master is after him, and shaking the reins, and saying never a word to the lad!"

The farmer was, indeed, becoming highly excited. As he dwelt upon the calamity that had befallen him, his wrath burned hot, he muttered between his teeth what he meant to say to Mefray, and could only assuage his thirst for vengeance and a fight by beating the unhappy red mare. François, on the other hand, exhausted by the effort he had made, relapsed into his natural apathy, gazed vacantly at the landscape, and let himself be carried unresistingly to his fate.

It was he who first descended in the square at Challans, near the new market, and fastened the mare to a ring attached to one of the posts in front of the building. He then followed his father into one of the streets turning off to the left, and paused before a narrow, new house, built of brick and stucco, and bearing upon a plate under the bell the inscription:

Jules Mefray,  
County Councillor,  
(Formerly Sheriff.)

"Is your master in?" demanded the farmer of the maid who answered his loud ring at the door. The girl ran her eye over this figure of a peasant who had come to see her master in mud-stained working-clothes, and who, to judge by the tone of his voice and the color of his eye, was not an amiable person, before she answered.



"I think he's at home. What do you want with him?"

"Tell him it is Toussaint Lumineau from Fromentière, and that he must make haste for I am in a hurry."

Astonished at his manner, and not quite daring to admit Lumineau into the dining-room, where M. Meffray usually received his clients, the girl allowed the farmer and François to remain standing in the gray-papered hall at the foot of the stairs. She hardly gave a look at François, who shrank back much mortified, but had eyes only for the big old man, whose shoulders almost touched the wall upon either side, and who stood so erect, keeping his hat on his head, under the glass lantern which was never lighted.

Presently the door which led to the garden opened, and a tall stout man came forward wearing a complete suit of white flannels, and a cap of the same stuff. He had a smooth shaven face, and a pair of small twinkling eyes, and he seemed to have some trouble in adjusting his vision to the semi-darkness of the hall. This was M. Meffray, the most active politician in Challans, an ambitious demi-bourgeois, who cherished a secret grudge against the peasants, from whose class he sprang, and of whom, though living close beside them, he understood and knew how to turn to account the bad qualities only. Perceiving the mood in which Lumineau had come, and dreading a violent scene, he paused near the lower step of the stairs, leaned his arm upon the rail, touched his cap with three fingers and said carelessly:

"The girl should have asked you in, farmer, but since you seem to be in a hurry we may as well talk here. I have done your son a small service. Is that what brings you here?"

"Precisely," answered the farmer.

"Can I do anything more for you?"

"I prefer to keep my boy at home, Monsieur Meffray."

"To keep him? How do you mean?"

"Yes, I want you to undo what you have done."

"But that is his business, farmer. Did you get your summons, François?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well, my friend, if you don't want the place, there are plenty of other candidates, I can assure you. I had a dozen applications, any one of which I was more bound to support than yours. I believe that none of you Lumineau have ever voted with us. Do I understand that you withdraw?"

"No, monsieur."

"It is I who don't choose to let him go," broke in Toussaint Lumineau. "I want him at Fromentière."

"But he is of age, farmer."

"He is my son, M. Meffray, and I have a right to his labor. Put yourself in my place. I'm an old man. I expected to leave my lease of the farm to him as my father left it to me; and now he's going off and taking my daughter with him. I'm losing two children, and it's all your fault!"

"I beg your pardon! I did not go after him! He came to me!"

"Still, if it had not been for you, neither he nor Eleanore would ever have gone. Do you call that a good turn, M. Meffray? Does nothing matter, except what may happen to suit François? How can you know that he was uncomfortable at home, you who never saw him there? M. Meffray, you must give him back to me!"

"Settle it with your son! It's no affair of mine."

"You won't go then and speak to those who have hired my boy and break off the bargain?"

Toussaint Lumineau made a step forward, raised his voice and shook his fist:

"Then I tell you that you have done more harm to my son in one day than I ever did in all my life!"

M. Meffray's heavy face reddened.

"Off with you, you old blackguard," he cried. "Get out, you and your boy! What do your affairs matter to me? Oh, these peasants! You do what you can for them, and this is how they thank you!"

The farmer appeared not to comprehend him. He remained motionless, but there was a fiery gleam in his eye. Out of the depths of his heart spoke the instinct of a race which had been taught its catechism for hundreds of years, and a pious phrase leaped to his lips.

"You will have to answer for them," he said.

"For whom?"

"For my children. They will both be lost where they are going, and you will have to answer for their souls before God."

For a moment the County-Councillor stood as if stricken dumb by these, to him, unfamiliar words. It required some little time for him to take in an idea so foreign to the ordinary course of his thought. Finally, with a contemptuous glance at the big peasant, who stood looking him sternly in the face, he turned on his heel and regained the door leading to the garden, muttering as he went, "Off with you—savage!"

Toussaint Lumineau and his son went out by the front door, and walked silently side by side to the gig which had been left in the square. The father untied the mare, and then paused at the step of the vehicle.

"Get in François," he said, "and come home with me."

"No," was the dogged answer, "I'm not going back. You cannot alter anything. Besides, I told Leonore to meet me, and she will have left Fromentière before now. She'll not be there when you get home."

He had pulled off his hat, for his farewell, and stood looking uneasily at the old man, who seemed ready to faint, for he was leaning heavily on the shaft of the gig, with eyes half-closed.

The covered passage-way of the Market was deserted, and only a few women carelessly observed the two, from their shop-doors which opened on the square.

After an instant's hesitancy, François came a step nearer and held out his hand, willing to grasp his father's for the last time. But the latter roused himself at the sight, and motioning his son away, climbed alone into the gig, and set the red mare off at a gallop, with another sharp blow of the whip.

*(To be continued.)*

#### FAR OFF.

High up, high up, far out of sight,  
The fire burns that sets ours alight.  
When our flames burn low, and our hearths are bare,  
Where should we seek our light but there,  
High up, high up, far out of sight?

Far off, where we scarcely hear, so far,  
The songs are sung that we snatch and mar.  
When our voices break and our music dies,  
What should we hope for but melodies  
Far off, overflowing heaven's bar?

The Speaker.

*Evan Keane.*

**"A GLANCE AT NIGERIA."**

To present an adequate idea of the lower Niger region to any one unacquainted with the climatic conditions and chaotic admixture of races prevalent in Western Africa is a somewhat difficult task. There is little established order, for the customs of one tribe often differ as widely as their language from those of their neighbors in the adjoining swamp, and, in spite of the efforts of Protectorate officials and the hard-worked servants of the Royal Niger Company, still less law. The changes of surroundings are even more striking. In one district it is hard to find a yard of soil which will bear the human foot, and the tribesmen live in rickety huts perched above rotting mud, or sometimes in canoes, among a foul waste of putrefaction beyond the imagination of those who have not seen it. And just outside that belt of dripping mangroves one finds firm dry land crowned by stately palms and cotton-woods, where tall white lilies cover the steamy mould, and a wealth of gorgeous creepers hangs from the great boughs above. Also, there are lake-like river reaches ringed about with giant reeds and beaches of silver sand, and so the pen is utterly at fault, for one spot may appear a terrestrial paradise, and another much more resemble a corner of the lower regions. Of some the free-spoken traders say there is but a sheet of brown paper between that place and hell, while the heat upon the upper side is equal to that below. The writer ventures to quote this because it is a characteristic description met with all along the West African coast.

Still, roughly speaking, British Nigeria may be divided into two portions, the forest wrapped, reeking delta, and

the drier land beyond. The first commences by Lekki lagoon, on the Lagos border, and stretches some three hundred and fifty miles south and east to the Rio del Rey and the German Cameroons. Along this strip of coast dense jungle creeps down to the edge of the surf which eternally sweeps the yellow sand while its spray hangs like white smoke over the river mouths. There are many of these connected by uncounted creeks with one another and the parent waterway, each obstructed also by a thundering bar—the Benue whose dangerous entrance is seldom attempted; Forcados, which serves as a harbor for Lagos a hundred miles away, as well as a general gathering place for West African steamers; the Nun, upon whose mouth Akassa stands; the Brass which oozes past the swamps of the Nimbi cannibals; New Calabar, Bonny, Opobo, and Old Calabar; and last the international boundary, Rio del Rey. There are, of course, others less important commercially, and an endless succession of mangrove-shrouded creeks, many as yet uncharted and to white men unknown.

Among them lie the foulest swamps in the world, millions of acres of rotting mud and mangroves beneath whose twisted roots black slime comes drifting down, though here, too, are dry forests and strips of glaring sand intersected by yellow waterways whose smell is that of an open sewer. The European factories stand beside them, generally some five or six miles inland from the smoking bar, though a few are very much further, and one West African settlement is very much like another. There is the trader's dwelling, a damp-soaked wooden building, roofed with corrugated iron and

perched high aloft on piles, long white-washed oil and salt sheds about it, and a stockade running round, while each foot of land beneath them has been "made," sand being endlessly shovelled in among the roots of the felled mangroves, and the whole pinned together by the driving of heavy piles. A settlement generally consists of four or five of these, with a well-kept Consulate, and barracks for the black constabulary.

After several centuries of European trading they are not numerous, and commencing westwards extend as follows—Benin, just below the once blood-stained city of Ubini; Warri, a day's steam from Forcados river on the edge of a dry forest; and Sapelli behind it on a crystal river, luxuriant with the deceitful beauty of the tropics, for, though this is hard to believe, it is as deadly as any. Next comes Akassa, the Chartered Company's great depot, with its huge store-sheds and machine-shops, on the Nun river. Then there is Brass beside the next tide-waterway, with its hard-worked mission, and cannibal tribes close by; New Calabar; and Bonny, curious misnomer, where, beside the white factories and mission town, a large population, drunken, diseased and savage, dwell in filthy squalor among the mangroves. Here, some years ago, a sable ruler perpetrated a huge fraud on the good missionaries, obtaining heavy subsidies for the laudable purpose of spreading Christianity among his people, and it was evident they needed it. The subsidies were chiefly spent in gin, and more than one white preacher was glad to escape alive; but they have since made progress in Bonny. Next comes Opobo, whose inhabitants were lately notorious for fetiche cruelty. And last, but not least important, Old Calabar. As in the case of the rivers there are others of minor note, but most of them would come under the trader's

rough classification of "forsaken places."

Throughout the whole of this region, and there is no blinking the painful truth, white men die like flies, as they have done from the beginning. Common malaria, dysentery, cholera, the deadly blackwater-fever, jaundice, and even yellow Jack levy heavy tolls on them, and this is not surprising in a land which, for months together, is rolled in steam and swept by deluge, and then lies sweltering under a pitiless sun while foul swamp and muddy river give up their poison. Of course, some men never take fever, but these are not numerous, and sanitary science may do a little, though one cannot drain the vast mudbank delta, and it will probably continue a black man's land. Nevertheless, much merchandise goes in and out, chiefly Hamburg gin, Manchester cotton and Cheshire salt, besides the sundries which appeal to the negro's mind, cast-off uniforms, brass jewelry and the like. It ships many thousand tons of palm-oil, more still of the little black kernels which are afterwards crushed for oil, and some rubber, while this trade resembles that of no other part of the world.

The black merchant takes the piece of cotton, case of gin, or bag of salt, and passes it on inland up leagues of river, or through tangled forest on the slave carrier's head, paying toll by portions to each robber King on the way, until at last the residue vanishes into the little known Soudan. Then he brings down palm-oil, kernels, or rubber, and the rights to the inland markets are sometimes grimly fought over, while white officers are kept busy with armed launch and black soldiers preventing some mutinous potentate murdering the carriers or levying such toll on his river that he closes it to trade. Almost incessantly this arduous work goes on, for there is always trouble somewhere in the bush, which general-

ly ends in the burning of stockades, and sometimes of white officers blundering into a murderous ambush. So the policing of the Niger delta is done at a heavy cost.

The white merchant also suffers grievously carrying on this trade. Heat, steam, rain and fever break his constitution down, and these are occasionally helped by native poisons. Still, and it shows the dogged persistence of the race, the commerce of the British West African colonies goes up by leaps and bounds, and most of the men who dwell there clearly recognizing they are near death treat their daily life as a lottery, and therefore do not hesitate in the matter of personal risk. Perhaps in no part of our dominions have more reckless things been done by handfuls of men than in the Niger Protectorate and the possessions of the Chartered Company. The true stories of some would surpass the feats of heroes of mediæval romance, while there have been few instances of self-sacrificing valor to equal that of the unarmed march to Benin. From what two of those who fell there told him, the writer feels convinced that most of the white leaders recognized that they were going to their death, and yet, in the forlorn hope of maintaining peace, they went, carrying no weapon. But this aspect of life in our dominions abroad must be left to abler hands.

Most of the delta's inhabitants, and those of the region adjacent thereto, the Jakkerles, Sobos, Idzos, Igarras, and other similar tribes, may still be described as—savages. They are traders, all of them, but they are robbers, too, and throughout the coastwise region human sacrifice, cannibalism, and horrible rites of fetiche worship are to-day prevalent. Neither is it flattering to recognize that the nearer one approaches the surf-edge the worse matters become, for nowhere is the contrast greater between a quasi civiliza-

tion and darkest barbarism. Within ten miles from the Government Consulate and white traders' factories, sometimes within one, you may find a fetiche village where the tribesman lives to-day as he did probably a thousand years ago, except that he drinks gin instead of palm wine, and waylays his neighbor with a flintlock gun. The officials do their best, and many perish attempting the impossible, but one sickly Vice-Consul and his score of Yorubas cannot be everywhere, and so, with the exception of a few mission villages and a crop of untrustworthy black clerks, contact with Europeans has so far done little to change the status of the deltaic negro. It is not a pleasant conclusion, but there is no use shirking it.

The history of this region is a varied one. The first comers seem to have been the Portuguese in the middle ages, and traces of their presence are still occasionally found. These sailed in search of the Niger mouth, and never recognized they had found it. When the avenging expedition marched into Old Benin articles of old sculpture were discovered, bearing rude representations of men in steel headpiece and armor, who, so tradition said, dwelt there in forgotten times. And yet, until a few years ago, but four or five Europeans had ever revisited the fetiche city. For centuries afterwards other white adventurers came, sweltering and dying in their dismantled vessels as they slowly filled the holds, or building rickety factories among the creeks ashore. There they fought with the natives and also among themselves, died by scores of fever or spent their brief lives in wild riot, for many were fierce free-lances from Liverpool and Bristol slavers and privateers. But the trade was steadily growing, and after Lander, in 1830, first proved this was the Niger, there was a sudden influx of higher class British traders. In due

time many rivals combining founded the United Africa Company, which, in 1882, was changed into a still larger corporation, with sufficient English capital to buy, and probably edge, French intruders out, and this, in 1886, received a charter constituting it the Royal Niger Company, with powers of life and death over a great dominion. In 1885 a British Protectorate was established over the region south of the Benue confluence, and between Lagos and the Rio del Rey, and in 1893, after various treaties with France and Germany, this was formulated into the present Niger Coast Protectorate, whose boundaries and those of the Company, with the consent of France, were defined last year.

Now the Royal Niger Company has done much excellent work, keeping order among the tribesmen, exploiting the waterways, and opening up the vast northern region to British influence, and to do this its servants have spared neither blood nor money. Probably a simple relation of many of its officers' doings would not be credited. Also, while the British Government was supinely content to foster trade, or, as a few said, hamper it, with the unhealthy coast, the great Chartered Company was steadily working its way into the hinterland, a healthier region, peopled by intelligent races of Moslem faith. Still, independent traders complained bitterly about the monopoly, for to all practical purposes monopoly it was, and pointed out that this was too vast a district to be handed over to one company, while it was clearly evident to the thoughtful and those who had seen the system at work, that no commercial company, whose aim is after all dividends and not philanthropy, can use the powers of life and death so justly as the Government. Indeed, there were rivals who stated that the murderous raid of Akassa was provoked and partly warranted by high-

handed action on the Company's side, and curious stories have been told about the rough and ready justice administered by its officials. In all this there may have been exaggeration, as there was clearly animus, but when a white trader holds absolute power far up in the bush under some circumstances he is apt to lose his head. In any case, the great Company broke ground very thoroughly, and it was only fair for a time at least it should alone gather the fruit of patient labor, and in the end receive compensation for ceding its possessions to the Government.

And from the schedule submitted, the British Government will, on its consummation, secure a bargain control over a great region, extending roughly ten degrees four-square, at a price, when all is completed, of some £900,000. Also, so far we have only seen the worse side of the picture. It is probable that little of Nigeria is, for Europeans, exactly healthy, but the interior is much better than the coast. Instead of the reeking chaos of mangrove swamps, through part of it the Niger rolls down past park-like scenery, rolling prairie country dotted with groves of trees. In others it pours frothing through rock-walled valleys with sun-scorched peaks hanging over them, and there are great lake-like openings studded with fruitful islands and cultivated banks. Further, as one travels north, the character of the native changes, for there the teaching of Islam has set its usual stamp upon the negro race. Instead of naked devil-worshippers who, though they trade a little, spend most part of their time in blissful idleness or robbing each other, one finds an intelligent people, robbers also sometimes, but obeying a central authority, skilled in many arts and organized in arms. Physically, too, the hinterland negro Moslem is widely different. He may not have the great muscular develop-



ment of the Oil Rivers paddler, but he bears a certain stamp of capacity and mental superiority. It may be mentioned in reference to this matter that the Niger Constabulary, both of Government and Company, who keep order through the delta and bear the brunt of the frontier fighting are composed almost exclusively of Yorubas from the Lagos hinterland, and Haussas of Sokoto.

The eyes of the adventurous have of late been turned longingly towards northern Nigeria, and though even yet a portion of it is but little known, it is generally granted to be a land of promise. Twice in earlier ages it was a power in Africa when the kingdom of Songhay and its neighbor of Bornu made their power felt westwards towards the Gambia and eastwards towards the Nile, when there seems to have been a high degree of civilization prevalent. Then after a lapse of long years Sokoto rose from the wreck of Songhay, and the name of Emir Othman was feared and respected throughout the Western Soudan. Once more Sokoto has fallen from its former glory, but traces of its military prowess and laws remain, and there is more than a prospect that under judicious rule its people may be lifted to a state equaling that of olden days.

It must never be forgotten that these are not negro savages, but men of mixed extraction, with Moorish and Arab blood in their veins, whose forbears, if some records do not lie, did much the same for the land they invaded as their kinsmen in Spain. Even now their caravans travel all over northern Africa, there are powerful merchants whose commerce extends from Fezzan to Guinea, mosques and schools, for, whatever be the faults of the Arab and his relations hitherto, he has done more than any white man to open up the wastes of Africa. It is an old story dealt with many times before,

but the teachings of Islam, even when proclaimed with sword and brand, possess a power of raising the negro from a state of naked savagery, and making him a useful producer, or at least a soldier.

France has clearly recognized this, and her officers have been tirelessly exploiting the hinterland, while our Government, after listening often to deputations of merchants, who greatly desired to make the situation plain, has in this respect, of late years, done mainly nothing. Now the result is apparent. The Gambia, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast have been cut off from the inland region where alone there is any hope of founding a white man's colony, and save for the foresight of the Chartered Company upper Nigeria might also have fallen into the hands of France. When one hears old stories of Emir's cavalry bodyguards wearing silver corselets and splendidly mounted on desert horses, of one Sultanate ruling a thousand miles of hinterland so well that costly merchandise might be laid anywhere beside the trade roads and no man dare touch it, and others of the kind, even if all are not wholly true there is hope for the restoring of a great province. And again an advancing tide of Islam is rolling south, for the Mallah have already passed Lokoja, while it is not flattering to remember what they have done in the north, and then to contemplate the state of things just outside Bonny town, or to hear what the Brass cannibals, whose haunts lie behind a British Consulate, did when they sacked Akassa.

To give an idea of this region would require a book in itself. Even on its southern borders, moving north along the river, it has many large trading towns, where the native population live, to some degree, in peace and order, but being Company's stations, Abo, Asaba, Onitsha and Lokoja are perhaps

known the best to Europeans, and Lokoja, at the confluence of the Niger and Benue, is the first Moslem town. It holds the gates to much of the Western Soudan. Men of many shades of color and languages throng its streets, from the white and blue clad merchant of the semi-civilized north to the half-naked heathen trader of the deltaic swamps. Also a great military depot has been established there, and in any future troubles along the frontier the name of Lokoja will be prominent. Indigo is largely grown in the upper portions of Nigeria, and a beautiful native cotton cloth dyed with it is spun which commands a higher price than the Manchester product. Wide tracts are cultivated with high skill and method, and many other industries, including leather-work and metal forging, are practised. There is much rubber in it, and also ivory, though the latter sometimes travels south by a circuitous route to the French Gaboon. Besides others of lesser note, there are Kuka, Kano, Socoto, whose names are known over northern Africa, which, though partly ruinous, still show what they have been, but it may yet be said that few Europeans have much acquaintance with them. One result of a monopoly is, that the holders of it do not encourage their servants to talk freely of the things they have seen. Now, however, when the door may be opened wide to every comer, there will probably be a sudden development of this part of Africa.

The first necessity is the building of light railroads, such as that which is started from Lagos towards the Yoru-

ba country, for the great obstacle in the way of West African commerce is the lack of transport. Every pound of produce that goes in or out is carried on slaves' heads along foot-wide trails, sometimes ambushed by spear-armed marauders, or, at least, only safely passable on the payment of a heavy toll, or very slowly in dug-out canoes down muddy rivers, with the chance that some of the craft will never come out at all. And it would be interesting, even close down to the coast, to figure exactly how many stockades have been blown up and how much blood of white officer and black soldier is poured out every year in the Niger delta to keep these trade-routes open.

There are sanguine traders who compare the northern Sultanates to a new India, while others predict we shall have both hands full before we break the power and check the depredations of every mutinous Emir, and then be saddled with a profitless burden after all. The former at least can point to what this land has been twice before, and they have tangible grounds to hope that with the building of steamers and railways, the maintenance of order, and equal justice, a still greater British Province may be built up upon the ruins of its fallen power.

Many Englishmen, some with full knowledge, and others with but dim glances into futurity, have died working for this, or have dragged out weary lives in sufferings manifold. What the full result of their toil will be no man as yet can say,—that only the future can show. But part, at least, will ere long be made clearly manifest.

*Harold Bindloss.*

## SWEET SIMPLICITY.

I

"I don't think you will make much of it—nobody could," said the dramatic author.

"Then you are to blame," said the actress.

In a few seconds she was to rush on for the purpose of killing somebody, and the dagger gleamed in her hand. She pushed back the dark hair that streamed wildly over her shoulders, and her glance was saucy.

"You are to blame," said she.

In a blaze of light beyond two people were making love. Their words and attitude were more moving than those of the two others at the wings, but most probably their hearts beat slower.

"I had to do it," said the author.

"Mine isn't a tragedy written to appeal to higher—should I say broader?—minds. If I wrote as I want to write some day, I would let myself go and you should have a glorious chance of shining. But it was Brown himself who told me that the middle classes were hungering for a regular soft old story with a cow-eyed heroine to beam on them and make them weep; and who said that, if I could write one such, he himself would . . . read it."

"Yes," said the actress, "I too recommended the beautiful goose."

The author leaned against some painted thing that happened to be solid, and went on explaining. He liked explaining things to her because he happened to be in love with her, and to know that she liked to listen. There was a look of discontent, however, in his thin, handsome face.

"It's a sickening kind of a part for you," he said. "I didn't enjoy writing it much; and I can't bear to think of you being tricked out as a simpering

ignorance, with long pale hair and no mind whatever. It's as if the best and dearest of you—your own self—must be blotted out. But we could not afford to marry for years if I hadn't managed to please old Brown. . . ."

She dashed past him onto the stage and killed her enemy. When the weapon had been wrested from her, and she had been overpowered and dragged off the scene, she came back to him breathing a little quicker.

"I am never myself on the stage," she said; "even this"—touching her cheek—"is rouge. How can it matter what creature I have to seem?"

He smiled down on her admiringly. She was charming so, with her eyes bright and the hair falling round her vivacious face.

"There are parts that suit you," he said, "and I can imagine you in them, and see why you can make them splendid. But it is utterly impossible for you to make anything of a senseless part, in which you are obliged to cast up limpid eyes at people and allow yourself passively to be ill-used."

She laughed as he did.

"I couldn't live slowly," she said, in her quick, high voice, "and I should go mad if you expected me to be a cabbage. But do you think I cannot act? Dear, for your sake I could be an idiot—as I suppose I must—six nights a week. I shall model myself on Moon-face, old Brown's daughter, she who smiles sweetly upon all she disapproves, and never ventures behind the scenes. I shall copy Moon-face, and you will be astonished. Oh, the play must succeed. Dear, they must call us before the curtain and deafen you with applause."

Her eyes flashed and she clasped her hands eagerly over his, full of enthusi-

asm. Then she dropped her head and was taken onto the stage to receive her doom. . . .

The author stood where he was, looking after her. He had a great distaste for the somewhat insipid heroine of that play of his, which had met with favor and was to be brought out soon. It had been written on the lines bespoken, and his heart had not been in it.

He had taken his first play to Trix. Not this one, but another in which he had put forth all his strength. It was soon after he had known her and had been captivated by her attractive ways and gestures, to be drawn closer by the tired look that came to her sometimes and was so like his own.

She was a struggling actress who was trying to rise high; he was a weary journalist who was almost sick of trying. There was much that was hard in the past of both, and they clasped hands together over it.

Trix got her luck at last; a chance at a theatre whose treasurer was not likely to run away, and she fought higher, higher, until he had to look up to her at last and feel himself left behind. But she cheered him and stirred him to action; his luck would come, she said, if he tried for it.

"Write a play," she said: "I can get it read for you. Write a play for once, and see what will happen to you."

She said it again and often, till the faith and eagerness in her voice gave him a little courage. He wrote his play and took it for her to read. She wrinkled her dark brows over it.

"Too clever!" she said, "oh, far too clever!"

"Is that a fault?" he asked, having anxiously made it so.

"Everything is clever to-day," said Trix, "and people are growing tired. They want a rest, and they want to forget to wonder. And you must not forget that most come to the theatre after dinner, which is enough for them to

digest. I will give this to Mr. Brown, and you will see that he says the same."

Mr. Brown said that his public were tired of bewilderment, and wanted something they could enjoy.

"I will help you," said Trix. "Your first heroine was too much like me; you must make this one a beautiful goose; and people must cry and laugh, not open their mouths and eyes. Then your play will be a success, and your luck will have found you out."

So the play was written. . . .

The author had no ideal, strictly speaking, no type of abstract woman made intelligible through one individual and worshipped wholly. Trix was charming and clever. He had loved her a good while now, and they were to be married if this play did well. She was delightful, and herself, but she was not an ideal to be set up anywhere apart. However, obeying the man's impulse to judge broadly, he told himself that all women to be lovable should have a restless spirit, and be as clever and as bright as Trix. The heroine of his accepted play was the last woman he would himself admire. Thank Heaven he had finished with that dull thing of beauty and foolishness! The next play that he wrote—with a free hand—should centre round just such a heroine as Trix herself. . . .

So thinking, he stood in a draught and gazed across the stage till he shivered and the cold got into his throat.

"Foolish old thing!" cried Trix, as she came to his side again. "You have caught a dreadful cold. Do you fancy I could not hear you sneeze while I was dying solemnly over there? It spoils my last tragic moan. Didn't you notice that horrid draught? I told you to stand sideways if you must wait here. You will be ill, you stupid boy!"

"Oh, I'm all right," said the author lightly. But she was not to be put off.

"When a person has just had influenza he should keep out of draughts," she said crossly. "Will you go home to bed? I know how careless a man can be."

She did know; at least for this once she was not wrong. . . . Next day Jack Smith was too ill to get up and appear at rehearsal of his play.

He sat in his room disconsolately watching the fog outside, when a sweet high voice rang up the stair.

"Mr. Smith? Oh, yes, take us up please." And then Trix stepped in.

"Poor old boy, this is lamentable! I dare say it isn't proper of me to look you up; but I've brought somebody, and I'm not a chicken."

She slipped on to the rug by his chair, and her companion sat down more sedately. The firelight gleamed on her lively face and shone on the frizzy hair gathered into a big untidy ball. There were lines on her face sometimes when she turned it so.

"We are getting on famously," she said. "I am keeping my eye on Moon-face and getting up all her little ways. But you mustn't sit up alone with your gruel on The night. Are you very bad?"

"Oh, no," said Smith. Her arrival had put all despondency out of sight; he felt almost well.

She held up a great bouquet, twirling it round in her hands.

"See what I have brought you," she said. "It was given me last night. Are they not dear flowers—dear in every sense? They smell of lights, and music and applause—now don't they?—far sweeter than *mignonette* and the proper rosebuds that your *ingénue*, your simpleton, will have to wear, and just as wholesome for an invalid. They are flowers that haven't grown under leaves and bushes, that have lived, like you and I, not like your simpleton. Now get better."

She departed as hastily as she had come, leaving the big bouquet and a

whiff of scent behind her. The flutter of her presence lingered, and her quick, high voice was ringing still as Smith put out his hand to reach his medicine. But had he not had his tonic already? So he felt.

## II.

On the fateful first night Smith was down at the theatre early. He was anxious and he had not the dignity to keep aloof.

Trix came out of her dressing-room to meet him with a long cloak on. She dropped it as she came close, and he saw that she was dressed in scarlet with her own black hair wildly floating.

"Don't be alarmed," she said gaily; "this isn't my goose costume. We play something else first, just to bring people into the proper state of mind. It is a short affair in which I don't know what I really am; but it's not a simpleton—that comes after. You be patient and think what you will write for me by-and-bye."

"Trix, are you nervous?" he interrupted.

She laughed.

"Nervous? No. If I wanted I could drop my head on your shoulder and cry like a baby in the dark. For that I would only have to think that your luck, and therefore the fate of both of us, is to be settled by-and-bye, and that perhaps we don't deserve to have it all settled smoothly. Have we been as good as we might have been? . . . Have I?"

She broke away from him, a flash of color; but not to go on the stage. Instead, she found herself a dark corner where crying could be done quietly. Was she not keeping up for both? Had she not to keep very calm and quiet, and mindful of her part—the part that he had written? She was more anxious than she had dared let him see, but she cried out bravely to herself, "Oh, my

love, my love, you shall see me act to-night!" and she reappeared smiling.

"Go round to your place," she said authoritatively when the time was near, and poor Smith was still hovering moth-like among those in whose hands his fate was now. "Go round to your place and behave yourself, instead of upsetting us all like this. Don't let me see you again till the piece is over!"

Her voice softened as he obeyed, and she touched his arm.

"Till by-and-bye, sweetheart!" she said, "till by-and-bye, sweetheart!"

Smith went round stupidly to where the manager had told him two or three times to go. That was where Mrs. Brown and Daisy, whom Trix called Moon-face, sat. Mrs. Brown made room for the anxious author kindly, and Moon-face smiled over her fan-tip as he sat down. She was pretty in a fair and placid way, just a little too plump for exercise, and a great deal too calm for conversation.

"I hope it will be a success; papa is confident," she said in a peaceful voice, and then seemed to feel that she had said enough. The playwright hoped so too, and waited.

The curtain rose. People walked about the stage and spoke shrilly to each other; they were glad and angry, they sat down and rose, and Smith stared at them dully. They were *his* people; he had invented, created, written them; but for him there would have been none such. It was a queer thought, and it seemed to make him giddy.

There was a soft laugh behind the scenes, a little low laugh that he did not recognize, and some curtain fluttered back as the "simpleton" came on.

He started. Trix? No, this was not the Trix whose personality flashed through whatever she undertook; it was another body and another soul—of

his own shaping. Her hair was pale gold, drawn back lightly, and her large, limpid eyes looked innocently out of a simple little face that one longed to stoop and kiss.

"You will not be unkind to me?" she said in a serious, pleading voice, and Smith, knowing full well the plots against her, felt a ridiculous desire to rush down and bear her far from the smirking villain.

She was gathering daisies and plucking the petals one by one, repeating tenderly, "He loves me, loves me not," as young girls will; and the villain stalked her from afar. She knew nothing of the world and its evil; she was a pure young thing, to be cherished and protected, and always to be loved. . . .

The author had never been able to "place" or to account for the fascination which it was necessary she should have for the hero; but now he felt for this first time a thrill of sympathy for that sorely-tried person who was only to win his lady-love at the end of three acts' desperation. Could he not have planned that the course of true love should run smoother for these two—for this tender little soul among the daisies?

The more Smith looked and listened the greater became the charm of this heroine of his own. She was not clever; he had not made her able to fling brilliant answers in the faces of her enemies. He had shaped her in an old-fashioned mould, that had seemed to him laughable till he saw her there, and realized how restful, how true and womanly she was. It had looked so dull on paper, this simple character, whose part allowed of no flashing sarcasm, no rapid action, nothing striking from first to last. Hard things were said to her, and she listened meekly, with a Griselda-like long-suffering that was wearisome in black-and-white, that was adorable in colors. When they



slandered her one lover her great eyes shone.

"It is not true," was all she would say, and there was no shaking that constant faith.

When they dragged her back from the window, where she was waving her handkerchief to him, her long pale hair dropped round her, and she lifted her white arms piteously.

"I shall always love him, so I cannot marry anybody else!" she cried, touchingly ignorant of the possibility of marriage without love. And when her guardian, as an object-lesson, showed her the portrait of the ugly wife who had brought him money, she said simply, "You must have loved her very much—to forget her face."

It was not sickening, it was not silly, it was only sweet. The author felt that his poor words would have been laughable alone, but from the lips of this wonderful creature, who knew so little and taught so much, they had an irresistible charm. There was no stain on the girl's white frock, no shadow on her white soul; she was a lily ignorant of all ugly weeds, and her limpid eyes filled with tears that could never scorch. Could it be that his world-weary pen, the pen of one who had passed through many fires, and would fain gain footing whereon to rest, had created this lovely blossom? Small wonder if he had not seen the full loveliness of what he unconsciously created; the wonder was only that such a fancy could have reached him, taken shape in his dusty brain. When had he met with such a one as this white rose?—when? Never.

He leaned forward, bewildered, amazed and eager, gazing at the serious face, the big soft eyes, and pale gold hair, listening to the voice and the laugh that was so tender. All was forgotten except this wonder that was visible—through him. . . . Then the curtain fell.

The storm of applause awakened him. His own name reached him through it dimly, and somebody told him to rise up and bow. The curtain was lifted, and he saw one last radiant glimpse; and then people were shaking hands and speaking to him, and he was answering them blankly.

"He is intoxicated with success," said somebody; and then later, "Come along, haven't you been round yet?" linking an arm in his.

He felt himself led out of the glare and glitter into a glitter that was less brilliant, being behind the scenes. People were dropping the characters they had assumed, and sinking back into their own. The heroine was Trix, and the pale gold hair was black. . . .

"Well? Were you pleased with your goose," she said, laying her hand on his arm, and smiling. It was her own vivacious smile, and her eyes were dancing. They seemed to have grown smaller.

There were lines round her mouth, tired lines, but she did not seem weary yet.

Smith could not help a sudden movement. This was Trix, and they belonged to each other. Where was the gold-haired wonder that his mind had shaped?

"Wasn't I a successful simpleton?" said Trix. "Did you say, 'She cannot possibly be such a foolish baby?' or were you afraid I might fall in love with my new character, and cling to it?" Then lower: "I got ever so many wrinkles from studying Moon-face, and I wondered, as she sat up in the box beside you, if she would recognize herself. But oh, I am glad to be myself again!"

She laughed, and her tone was higher, more staccato. It had not the melody of that stage laugh which rang in the author's ears.

"You are tired?" said Trix, looking in his face, and stopping.

"Only afraid that people will talk to me," said Smith.

"They will," said Trix immediately. "It is only because they all know that I have the right to say the first words to you, to make the first pretty speech, that they keep aloof. If I stop to take breath they will seize you. You are the hero of the night."

"And you the heroine."

"Oh no. I have taken off my wig. I am my own self now."

The author sighed.

### III.

"What is the matter?"

Smith gave a start. He had not been listening. Had she been speaking to him long? His eyes had been fixed on a soft muslin something, with which her hands were busy—a little white fichu that the "simpleton" wore across her bosom on the stage. His ears had been somehow deaf.

"I asked you to call and see me," went on Trix, "because there is no getting hold of you otherwise. What have I done?"

"Nothing," he answered, far too quickly.

"Nonsense! Do you suppose I don't see you, night after night, glowering down from between the Browns? Do you suppose I don't wonder why you never hurry round to talk to me when I come off? I can't understand why you should sulk because my acting doesn't please you. Dear, don't you know that you have only got to tell me what you would have me do? Where is it that I fall short of your idea?"

"Of my ideal," he said hastily.

Her laugh was short.

"Oh, I know that you haven't any. I said 'your idea.' What is the matter with my interpretation of your goose?"

"It is perfect," said the author slowly.

There were several photographs of the actress lying about the room. Just

above her head was the very latest, propped against the light—the same light that made her face look lined and thin. One could scarcely bring himself to credit the identity of the fair, blonde girl with dark-browed Trix, one could not imagine two beings more different than these. Smith's gaze sought out that fair unlikeness longingly.

The actress lifted her head, and she understood.

"Is it that?" she said, and her look was stricken.

"You have given me an ideal," said the author lamely.

She rose to her feet. It was not difficult to see the harm that was done in those dream-eager eyes of his. She had lived, and suffered, and understood, and she had thought he loved her; but the man who was tired of most things, and of himself, thirsted for some different thing to worship. She had shown him that, and it was hard for her.

He would never have found it out; he would have thought her always the best, and cleverest, and the only woman in the world, if she had not shown him. She had only herself to thank, having given herself, her heart and soul to the making of this ideal.

"I know how you feel," she said at last. Laughter was running strangely through her words and choking them. "You sit and watch this ideal of yours till your head goes round—a writer's brain is so easily turned—and you would give anything to find her off the boards. Of course it is a disappointment to your imaginative mind when the play is over to find only me, and of course it makes you angry, as you have found out what you want. I do wish you had found it sooner."

Smith protested faintly. She was taking it too seriously; she must not consider him an ass.

"That will do," said Trix. "I know why you shook off my hand last night

when I laid it on your arm. I thought you were afraid of powder on your black sleeve, or that you were offended; but you had just come round with your eyes full of that ideal. You—you felt my own touch a wakening, even a desecration. Do you think I shall ever lay my hand on your arm again?"

"Trix!"

"Don't say what you cannot contrive to think." She was very indignant. "I will act the simpleton as long as your piece runs; of course I will act; my manager pays me for it. It may please you to look on. But after that I think we will say good-bye. I don't think anybody who admires that style would suit me, and I have got to look for my own ideal. You can follow yours to the provinces if you choose, but I mean to stay in town."

She was very angry. Smith was not allowed to speak; and as he departed, distressed and protesting, she stood at the head of the stairs and called down to him.

"Will you see that the statement that author and actress are to be married is contradicted in all the papers?"

Then she tore up the photograph that had helped her to understand, and cried till she could not see.

"It will be all right later," said Smith, thinking of that storm in a teacup lightly. When the piece was over that night he would find his way round and make it up. He felt comparatively happy in his mind as he walked down to the theatre, and saw the curtain go up upon his own play.

Trix, angry, unreasonable Trix, was not on the stage to him; it was his heroine, the new ideal that possessed him. Her beautiful soft eyes looked straight into his own, her sweet laugh rang in his ears like music. The words he had put into her mouth, thinking them weak and foolish, sounded perfect. Such a woman would content all the longing of his soul, would bring to

him all he lacked—and this woman would not, could not be Trix.

He looked and listened in a kind of a dream, taken out of himself; and when the curtain fell he felt himself going out with the crowd. It was impossible to turn from the vision of the ideal to the jarring presence of the real Trix. To-night he would dream of shadows and wait a little.

It happened so one night after another. Smith would make up his mind, going down to the theatre, to put an end to the silly quarrel between two people who were to be married. He would sit down full of determination; and then the charm of this work of his brain would assert itself, and take him prisoner, acting upon the brain that had produced it. He would look to the last on his fair-haired ideal; he would mutter, "Not to-night," and go out into the dark. Night after night his will was weaker and the thing grew stronger.

Trix was growing pale. After a storm, sunshine; but where was the sunshine here? As the nights slid past she would dab the rouge thicker on her cheeks, and clench her hands before she stepped into the light. A nervousness would seize her as she waited at the wings, and she would shut her eyes, to open them face to face with him. She would act the character that was not her own with all her soul, and watch his eyes with a queer pride in her power to charm him, that fought with the misery of driving him by that same power further from her poor self. She could not try to break the spell by acting badly; something kept her from that, or it was that she forgot when she had the chance, and carried on by his gaze and the loud applause of others, put forth her highest. Only when the borrowed personality was hers no longer, and he was not there to greet her, she would hurry to her dressing-room

and cry out against the fantastic dream that she had set up between her heart and his.

The hundred nights went all too swiftly by, and the last night came.

"Will he come to me now?" said Trix.

She sat at her window in the morning and watched and waited. In the prosaic sunlight fear was too absurd. Of course he would come, and would laugh at her, saying that he had punished her for her crazy anger, and that she must laugh with him.

Nobody looked up at the high window. Nobody stopped and came quickly up the stair.

"He will come in the afternoon," she said, "when the day is softer. Perhaps he thinks I will be kinder then."

All the afternoon she waited.

"Perhaps he will come to me at the theatre," she said.

But the evening came and she said to herself that he would not. . . .

She did not see him at first, and then, looking lower and nearer, she saw that he was in the stalls, close to the front, with only the orchestra between. In that unusual place he seemed very near. It was all right then?

The actress stepped forward to the footlights, but when she caught his eyes her heart grew heavy. Their look, their intentness were not for her, only for the part she was playing. Was this, then, the last time she would look into his eyes? was it her latest chance?

She gathered herself together. If she should reach him yet, through this same fatal counterfelt, if she should reach his heart again and hold it, draw him to her and never let him go! She had that chance, and she must not, dared not, lose it, for it was her very last.

So she acted the whole evening, her appeal striking piteously through the smile of the *ingénue*, and her laugh end-

ing almost in a cry. She was playing for her very life, so she acted well.

"Bravo!" called somebody, some deep man's voice. The author was silent, but his look was as intense.

Oh, he would feel her love for him through this foolish young girl's part. He would feel and see, and come back to her for it was she, she who was acting after all!

"Bravo!" again, a calling of many voices, and a storm of clapping. Then a great white bouquet came hurling through the air. It was thrown by Moon-face, blonde-haired Moon-face, in the manager's box, who leaned forward, very enthusiastic over it.

Like a cloud of snow the bouquet descended, falling at the actress's feet. She looked up to where it came from.

Smith whose eyes had never left her, followed her look unconsciously, and saw the blonde maiden bending down; then his gaze came back.

The actress had one more word to say—"Come." She should say it to the hero joyfully, with all troubles of the plot behind her and the future shining for their two selves alone. She said that last word with all her heart, letting it vibrate strangely. She said it with the necessary smile strained across her lips and a choked sob in her throat. Then the curtain fell.

Would he come? The pale hair was still falling round her shoulders, and the white muslin was folded softly across her bosom, but the eyes were her own, and the smile was lost.

There were lights and faces, there were loud voices in her ears, but they were not near her; and with her it was dark, dark, dark!

\* \* \* \* \*

There is little to be written afterwards. Only the dreary tomorrow and the weary day after that; the kind, cold letter that the author wrote, and the

proud reply that such bitter tears of bride and bridegroom—for the author dropped over. Later, much later, a married Moon-face.  
wedding in the papers, with portraits There is nothing to be said of Trix.

Temple Bar.

*R. Ramsay.*

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### THE SAILOR-MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,  
Over the sea, over the sea,  
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,  
Betther for me, betther for me!  
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,  
I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city  
That hasn't its aqull the world around  
For the air that is sweet, an' the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,  
Give you me word, give you me word!  
Every girl had a turn o' the head  
Just like a bird, just like a bird.  
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes,  
Shinin' to tell ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them;  
Back in me heart wit' a kind o' surprise,  
I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Och, man alive! but it's little ye know  
That never was there, never was there—  
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go—  
What do I care? what do I care?  
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find  
Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three o' them?  
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind,  
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an' no matther how far  
'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.  
Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,  
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.  
Over in Ireland many's the one—  
Well do I know that has nothin' to say wi' them—  
Sweeter than anythin' under the sun,  
Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Blackwood's Magazine.

*Maira O'Neill.*

## INTELLECTUAL ATTACHMENTS.\*

*"Ce que j'amais en toi, c'était mon propre rêve."*

The verse above quoted illustrates to perfection a phenomenon of common occurrence among men who live largely by their brains. They very soon come to create for themselves an imaginary world, of which the hues are so intense as to take all the color out of reality. They assign themselves a part to play, and make themselves up into personages whom their most intimate friends would barely recognize; and among the dreams that possess their souls, quite the most enchanting is the dream of that ideal love, at the weaving of whose brilliant, but impalpable, tissue the poets of all time have wrought. They have seen it rising like an exhalation from the books over which they pored; they have grasped at it with long-drawn sighs, and found the thrill of its rapturous music enhanced by the irrepressible shiver of their own sensibility. This love which intoxicates the head, also penetrates a little way into the heart. It has, in the beginning, no object, but it causes the breast to swell, and the lips to tremble with burning words addressed to nobody in particular. Why should not this impassioned tenderness be expended upon some living creature? Surely the woman exists who is capable of exciting all this fervor, and shall she be invoked by so many vows and not appear? As a matter of fact, she always does appear, and that at the precise moment when she is most ardently desired. The poet recognizes her in a twinkling, and rejoices to find her so exactly like his preconceived ideal. For she is seen

through the medium of the ideal, and saluted as the realization of the dream. These intellectual, or head loves, may be just as sincere, as profound, as durable, and as fruitful in joy and anguish as the other kind; and memorable examples of them are to be found in certain letters of Balzac and Michelet now published for the first time.<sup>1</sup>

One day when Balzac and Gautier were together, the talk turned upon women; and the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*" remarked that the literary man ought to keep clear of them, because they waste so much of his time. Gautier protested vehemently:

"Women were made for something," he said. "You would not forbid us their society altogether, I suppose."

"No," said Balzac, "but it is better to stick to writing:—that forms the style."

Balzac did not absolutely confine himself to writing, but he wrote a great deal to women. His letters to Mme. Hanska alone, during the early years of their intimacy (1833-1842) make an octavo volume of six hundred closely printed pages. We owe their publication to that admirable, I had almost said terrible, collector, M. le Vicomte Spöilberch de Louvenjoul. He possesses the original correspondence entire, as well as MSS. of almost all Balzac's novels, and of several unpublished works. If Balzac dedicates a book to Mme. Hanska, M. de Louvenjoul manages to get hold of the only proof of the dedication which Balzac was obliged to withdraw. If, on the night after his marriage, Balzac has to have his house door opened by a locksmith, M. de Louvenjoul has the locksmith Levy. Michelet: *Lettres à Mlle. Mialaret*. 1 vol. Flammarion.

\* Translated for The Living Age.

<sup>1</sup> What I loved in thee was my own dream.

<sup>2</sup> Balzac: *Lettres à l'Etrangere*. 1 vol. Cal-



smith's bill. Nor does this insatiate worshipper of autographs content himself with those of Balzac. He is equally well provided in the case of Saint-Beuve, of Gautier, of George Sand and many more. You may count on your fingers the great writers of the century concerning whom he does not possess original documents, which are often of a most compromising nature; and not satisfied with the joy of owning such MSS., M. de Louvenjoul undertakes to decipher and publish them. This habit renders him slightly dangerous; and yet he is not, himself, the chief sinner. The documents in question could never have come into his hands if the great writers had not had the sort of legatees who love neither to keep nor to destroy old papers, out of which profit may be made.

But what is there, beside sentimental effusions, in these six hundred pages of the "*Lettres à l'Etrangère*?" Nothing save the lamentations of Balzac over the burden of his daily toil, and the presence of his pecuniary difficulties, that is to say, nothing which we did not know before, nothing which is not set forth *ad nauseam* in the general correspondence of the novelist. He goes to bed at six o'clock, having just swallowed his dinner, gets up at midnight, drinks two cups of coffee and works twelve hours at a stretch. He writes the "*Père Goriot*" in forty days, and "*Massamilla Dorie*" in one night. He adds a volume to his "*Studies in Manners*," and a ten-line stanza to his "*Diverting Tales*." He chaffers with one bookseller and makes a contract with another, starts a newspaper, pays some of his debts and incurs new ones, for as fast as he stops one gap another opens. Love-sighs and business bothers, impassioned declarations and questions of money, engage the pen of the great writer in regular and ceaseless alternation, all through this copious and monotonous correspondence. Bal-

zac loves his "*Etrangère*," and he is beginning a new book. He adores Mme. Hanska, and is having trouble with his publisher. He is the humble *Moujik* of his Russian princess, and he sketches the plan for his "*Human Comedy*." He thanks God for the experience of a great passion, and he sends Werdet to the devil. Love and business. One might fancy that all these literary projects and publishers' accounts, all this printing and proof-reading, would so reek of ink as to disgust a woman; but not at all. The women who feel called to an epistolary intercourse with writers of fiction appear to revel in it.

On February 28th, 1832, Balzac found at his publisher Gosselin's a letter addressed to himself, signed "*l'Etrangère*" and postmarked at Odessa. That letter is no longer in existence. If it were so, M. de Louvenjoul would have had it, to a dead certainty. But he knows what was in it. After praising enthusiastically the "*Scènes de la Vie Privée*," the stranger lady reproaches Balzac with having repudiated in his "*Peau de Chagrin*" what had constituted the chief merit of the preceding work,—namely, delicacy of feeling in delineating the finer shades of feminine character, thereby undermining the pedestal on which he had set them up in his scenes from private life. She conjured him to return to the higher sources of his previous inspiration, renouncing those ironical and sceptical representations which tend to degrade woman-kind, and to deny the pure and noble rôle which is rightfully hers, provided she comprehends the mission which Heaven has charged her to fulfil upon this earth. She says the same thing, substantially, in another letter, dated a few months later: "You raise woman to her true level. Love with her is a celestial virtue, a divine emanation. I admire in you the sensibility which enables you to apprehend

this truth." She then becomes more personal. "Doubtless you already love the one being destined for you. An angelic union should be your portion. Your soul and hers must enjoy unspeakable felicity, and the stranger loves you both." Now to be the sole confidante of a love affair is always to start a little romance of one's own, and *l'Etrangère* does not fail to draw her own portrait as she would like to be seen: "I am simple and candid, but timorous and shy. I am so retiring as to attract little attention. I have neither strength, energy, nor courage, save for that which concerns the one sentiment which animates my being—*love!* I love and I am loved! No one, as yet, has ever fully comprehended the flame that consumes me; but you—you will understand." She makes him an offer which has a two-fold attraction. He shall confess to her, and she will direct him. He must indeed understand women well since he has divined the stranger. He is in the right way. If he would remain in it, he has but to fix his eyes upon the star whose mild brilliancy shines for him alone.

Here is quite enough to excite the imagination of Balzac. He plunges obediently into the path which has been pointed out to him. He has found the object of his dreams, and he salutes her in language adapted to her case.

"What joy to recognize you, amid the ever unhappy remnant of a dispersed people, scattered abroad over the earth, exiled it may be, from the skies, but of whom each individual has a language of his or her own, unlike that of all other human creatures. Theirs is a shrinking delicacy of soul, a chastity of sentiment, a tenderness of heart, sweeter, softer, purer, than we find in ordinary beings. These poor exiles, one and all, have in their voice, in their speech, their thought, an indescribable quality which distinguishes them from all others. Fellow-citizens of an undis-

covered country, they recognize and receive one another in the name of the fatherland for which they yearn. Poetry, music and religion are the trinity of their worship."

A woman of so rare an essence is hardly of this earth, and should not be seen with the same eyes, or judged by the same standards as other women. She is an angel woman. She condescends to walk among us, but we suspect her wings. When, therefore, the Unknown shall reveal herself, Balzac will run no risk of disillusion. He finally meets her at Neuchâtel. The worshipper is admitted to a glimpse of his idol, and he even discovers in her perfections of which he had never dreamed. "She has languid eyes; but when their gaze was concentrated upon me they beamed with voluptuous splendor. I became intoxicated with love." As a matter of fact, he was so before he saw her. He saw her afterward at long intervals:—once in Geneva, once in Vienna. "You are indeed the woman whom I have longed to call mine. I go over in my mind all the delicious memories of those five and forty days—and every one is a justification of my passion." It is a peculiarity of these tremendous convictions that everything strengthens them. Exaggerated sentiment, images, metaphors, exclamations, objurgations, adjurations form the woof of Balzac's epistolary style. There are tidings feverishly awaited, palpitations aggravated by a sight of the beloved handwriting, soft reproaches, protestations of undivided affection and unwavering faith. Lovers of all ages and conditions revel in such things no less than the boy in college. Balzac puts Mme. Hanska's visiting-card under his inkstand, so as to be reminded of her every time he dips his pen. He wears, when at work, a ring which she has given him. "I put it on the forefinger of my left hand, the one with which I steady my paper, so that the

thought of you is ever present. You are beside me, and instead of beating the air for words and ideas, I have but to demand them of my beloved ring. That ring is my 'Seraphita' in person." He sends Mme. Hanska a match which he had been chewing, as he wrote. He sends her autographs—she being an ardent collector—and the manuscripts of his novels bound in pieces of her gowns. He consults somnambulists about her, confident in the great and terrible power these people have of reading the thoughts of the absent, no matter how far away. He offers to come and take care of her, when she is ill; to place at her disposal the magnetic power he possesses of healing those who are dear to him, at any distance. His thought can reach her through space, and when the fire crackles or a pebble rolls down a bank, or a spark flies from the candle, she must understand it as a message from him. In short, no phase of the nonsense is lacking, wherein the supreme nonsense of love is wont to find expression.

It is easy to see what a fascination there must have been for these two lovers in a bond which united them across hundreds of leagues of distance. It would seem that the great observer to whom we owe the richest of all collections of human documents was also, on one side of his nature, the most romantic of human beings.

"The fancies," he says, "the feelings, the impassioned sort of romance with which my works are concerned are far, indeed, from the fancies, the feelings, the romance which I cherish, as a man."

His personal romanticism was intensified by the fact that, as a writer, he lived a most unnatural life, secluding himself from society, overheating his imagination, treating his brain like a furnace to be incessantly worked,—a machine to be run at high pressure. Moreover, Balzac suffered from that

imperious necessity for expansion, which, when all is said, is but one of the many forms of egotism. He protests indeed that there is nothing of the egotist about him. All he needs is to bring his thoughts, his desires, his feelings to some person who is not himself. If he cannot do this he is powerless. In short, he *must* talk about himself. He must confess himself, as one never does, except to the woman one is in love with. Mme. Hanska, on the other hand, young, ardent, mystical and high-flown, must somehow people the solitude of that castle in the Ukraine, where she lives with a husband twenty-five years older than herself. To feel that you are occupying the mind of an acknowledged genius, who has constituted you his "literary conscience"—that you are associated with a work which is being talked about all over Europe, and may go down to posterity, is a circumstance calculated to enhance that self-esteem which is so often confounded with love. You remember the Lauras and the Beatrices, and are not displeased at the notion of taking your place among these historical *inamorate*.

But there was one source of difference between the lovers which became more marked as time went on. Balzac would have liked to have his Muse beside him—the companion of his daily life. Mme. Hanska very much preferred inspiring him at a distance. They early exchanged vows, to whose fulfilment M. de Hanski was the only obstacle, but that obstacle could not in the nature of things be an eternal one. At the time of their first meeting, in 1833, Balzac had written to his sister: "The Val de Travers is a vale of enchantment, and the lake of Bienne is simply ravishing. We sent Monsieur to see about having breakfast by the lake-side, but we remained in plain sight, though we did exchange our first kiss under one of the spread-

ing oaks. But since our husband is close upon sixty, I have sworn to wait, and she to reserve for me her heart and hand."

Now the most ill-natured thing a husband can possibly do under such circumstances is to disappear, and this is what M. de Hanski did. Balzac hastened to claim the fulfilment of the old promise, but Mme. Hanska was in no haste to remember it. She hesitated, and asked for time. It is a serious thing to leave one's country and wholly change one's mode of life—a step not to be taken without due deliberation. The lady had a large income accruing from business enterprises, which it would never do to wind up in a hurry. And then she had her daughter to marry. And then she had her rheumatism to consider. Balzac, in his impatience, had joined her at Wierzchownia, but his health, already greatly impaired, suffered yet more from the severity of the Russian climate. He was, in fact, fatally ill. He wanted to go back to France, and he did not want to go alone. At last Mme. Hanska made up her mind, and they were married in a Russian village. Arriving in Paris by night, they found the abode which Balzac had caused to be most luxuriously fitted up, all illuminated, but on knocking at the door they received no response. The servant who was to have received them had an attack of acute mania, which seemed a rather dismal presage to the superstitious pair. Their happiness was, in fact, not as complete as their seven years of fidelity might have seemed to promise. Intimacy at first hand was less delightful than intimacy at a distance. Balzac lived only about four months, and there was no one with him at the last, but his old mother and a professional nurse. Mme. de Balzac, after she became a widow, entered into correspondence with another novelist. The habit was acquired, and the vocation was irresistible.

At about the same time that the author of "*La Comédie Humaine*" espoused Mme. Hanska, Jules Michelet, under the auspices of Béranger, had married Mlle. Athenais Mialeret.

"He was supported, at the ceremony, by the College de France, in the persons of three of its professors. The College, as one may say, stood at his elbow, and was a father to him, as it is to us all."

The letters written by Michelet during the three months preceding this union, which made him happy, as all the world knows, for the last twenty-five years of his life, have lately been added in the form of a supplement to the standard edition of his works. If there be such a thing as letters unsuitable for publication these would seem to have been such.

It is not altogether wise to admit the entire public either to the privacy of one's domestic hearth, or to the preliminaries of that privacy. Moreover, Michelet's habit of addressing his lady-love now as his wife, and now as his daughter, creates an unpleasant confusion in the reader's mind. The passages in which he fails to confine the expression of his enthusiasm to the moral perfections of his fiancée might well have been omitted. The present writer has already, more than once, lifted up his voice in protest against the posthumous publication of the most intimate details. But it appears that Michelet himself desired these letters to be given to the world, and Mme. Michelet, as his editor, felt that she had no choice but to fulfil the wishes of one for whose memory she cherished a fairly religious reverence. It is probably we who are in the wrong. Our scruples are exaggerated, and we ought to regard these letters as documents to be criticized like any other text.

Michelet was a widower; his daughter was married; his son settled at a distance. The loneliness in which he

lived was particularly distressing to one of his unquiet spirit. There is a passage in his book on "The Priest" which well describes what he suffered and what he yearned for:

"The man of to-day—a victim of the division of labor, confined too often to a narrow specialty where his personal emotions become atrophied, and he loses all sense of life in general, ought to have beside him a serene and youthful mind, not specialized and balanced like his own, but fit to divert him from his daily business, and to restore his feeling for the sweet harmonies of the universe. . . . There must ever be a woman at the fireside to bathe the burning brow of man. . . . She it is who must lead him back to the living fountain of beauty and goodness—to God and nature. Uplifted by her he will, in his turn, raise her by his powerful hand, introduce her to his world, lead her into the paths of prayers and discovery, set her feet in the ways of the future."

Not long after writing this he received a letter from a young girl who was a school-mistress in Austria. She had read "*Le Prêtre*," the book had made her anxious, and she wanted advice. Michelet answered her letter, and when the young girl returned to Paris she felt impelled to go and see the illustrious historian. He was tremendously struck by her appearance:

"She was white as death, and the effect of her strange pallor was enhanced by the fact that she was dressed in black, and wore in her black velvet bonnet a single rose, as colorless as her cheek."

Within a fortnight he had, to use his own expression, "already made her his wife, though she did not suspect it." Upon reflection he perceived that it was Fate in person who had thrown in his way a being formed to be his life-long companion. In short, it was a case of predestination.

When the nervous tension was relaxed under which he had been laboring, and his long-smouldering passion found an object in Mlle. Mialeret, Michelet at once became a prey to the most violent paroxysms of feeling:—"a word from you, a single touch of your lips, is enough to kindle a fire capable of consuming the whole world. I am at this moment working, nominally, at the Archives, but I keep my eye fixed upon the clock and count the minutes until I can go to you. . . . Oh, my child, we will live together like two joyous and blameless children—without a touch of pride, a fictitious dignity of any kind. Adieu! I am dying to see you! I shall do so in an hour, but how can I wait so long?"

His letters are "steeped in tears:"—tears of love—tears of pain—tears of anxiety. It is useless for him to try to work; he is not sufficiently master of himself; he is too entirely at the mercy of the sentiment which has invaded his being. He has with difficulty "scratched off" some fifty pages of his history; and he thinks them very bad indeed; but if he could only have been inditing love-letters to her, he would have needed but to let his pen go,—and how original, how eloquent would have been the result! Such transports are not so very rare. They occur continually among men who fall in love too late. But this man was Michelet; and all the world is familiar with the aggravated sentimentality of his later books, and the importance which he attached to this kind of inflammatory declaration.

Every one of Michelet's letters to this young woman was an ode, a dithyramb, a transcription from the Song of Songs—by a professor of history. He salutes her as a queen. "A queen you were born; a queen you are and ever will be. Say what you will I shall erect an altar to you and bear you upon my heart with none but God to see."



But he is not satisfied with this form of expression. It seems to him weak and inadequate. Mlle. Mialeret is more than a queen. "The pitiful sovereigns of this world reign only upon its surface; but you—you reign in the deepest depths of the abyss. Could you fathom it you would find only yourself and your own power therein." None but a hero or a man of genius would be worthy of her; and as for Michelet, he derives his so-called genius from her alone. "The course which I am now giving," he says, "is yours. I might almost say that it is you who give it." All this lyric madness appears the more remarkable by contrast with the calm, the moderation, the reserve of the young girl, who accepts the man's amazing homage, and is deeply touched by it, but is under no illusion concerning the true value of these glaringly disproportionate expressions. She is not a queen and she knows it. She is Mlle. Mialeret who has been teaching in Austria, and who has come back to France hoping to find employment there, and all the more grateful to the eminent professor who has given her so extraordinary a welcome, because she is quite alone in the world, and confronted by all manner of difficulties. If Michelet wants to make her his wife, she understands perfectly that it is not she who will "deign," and that so glorious a destiny will be highly honorable to her. All does not run quite smoothly, however. Families always object to second marriages, and Michelet's family finds a powerful argument in the disparity of age between these two. Between the professor's infatuation and the hostility of his children, there is need of much coolness and tact. There is need also of good-will, but of that Mlle. Mialeret has plenty. She wastes no time in idle reverie. Serious and self-possessed, she puts before everything the success of M. Michelet's work, and she feels, with good reason,

that his work has been suffering of late. So far from being a drag upon him in his high pursuits, she desires above all things to assist and facilitate them. She wins him back to the studies from which it has pained her to see him distracted, and their union will be to all intents and purposes a business partnership. Woman's kingdom is the home;—the interior, the kitchen, the garden. Mlle. Mialeret takes pains to ascertain their probable income. It will be modest, but it will admit of their taking a small house outside of Paris. Through the haze of Michelet's own letters, we discern the singular good sense and practical wisdom of the young girl. Simplicity and serenity like hers are, doubtless, among the best qualities a woman can possess; only they are not those which Michelet extols in his bride to be. The reason is that he sees in the maid, whose parlor so impressed him on their first meeting, the typical woman of his dreams charged with a mystic mission. The love which he lays at her feet is that love whose overflow from the surcharged heart of man is to submerge the world and regenerate humanity.

Woman, for Michelet, is a religion. The world is kept alive by woman-kind. Woman lends it grace, and it is grace that saves. It is through love alone that human society can make progress. Little by little, love will wipe out the enmities of race and class, put an end to war, and inaugurate the era of universal peace and fraternity. It is, however, needful for the working of these miracles that love should be born from the union of two perfectly sympathetic hearts, and the transference to the spheres of society and politics of that infinite sweetness, that inevitable generosity of interpretation which naturally exists between two loving souls will constitute the salvation of the race. Such was the humanitarian dream which Michelet believed



himself about to realize when he met Mlle. Mialeret.

"What can I give you, my beloved, in return for the initiation which I owe to you? It is through woman that we find entrance to eternal life;—but how to find the woman? Before I knew you, I had met separate feminine qualities in different individuals:—beauty in one, wit in another, strength in another, but never a complete woman. Now that perfect woman has come to me!"

He sincerely believed that the under-sentiment which possessed him could be communicated to others and gradually diffused over the whole bleeding earth, like a sea of love and consolation. It is this conviction, repeated on every page of the correspondence, which constitutes its originality, but the apocalyptic language in which it is expressed would be perfectly unintelligible to one unacquainted with the subsequent works of Michelet. "The one good gift that I would bestow on you—the only one worthy your acceptance—would be this:—that through me the whole world should become more loving, its blind and violent enmities subside, the hatred of nation against nation, and class against class, decline and eventually disappear. As yet, we can but hope for a diminution of these evils, for the beginnings of reconciliation, and that not in our own hearts only, but all over the world, the *Great Friendship* may be born. But that mighty friendship must begin in the heart of a single man; and the sacred fire which is to warm the whole universe one day—everywhere substituting love for hate—must be kindled at a humble private fireside. . . . Is that heart mine? Am I the man of destiny? . . . Alas! I know that I am unworthy! I am sentimental and artistic, rather than good." Such was Michelet's idea of how all human history might culminate, and the new future of the race

begin with his own espousal of Mlle. Mialeret. It remains to be determined whether the second marriage of the philosopher did have the mighty consequences which he foresaw, and what was the exact worth of that theory of love which he clothed, or rather veiled, in the language of theological mysticism. But this is a question too large to be treated incidentally and on the basis of a few private letters. My purpose has merely been to show how early Michelet formed the opinions which he subsequently developed in "*L'Amour*" and "*La Femme*."

It would be useless to deny the marked influence exercised by Mme. Michelet upon her husband's views, and the later development of his genius. All the world knows how considerable, nay, how enormous, a place was assigned in the books produced by Michelet after 1850, to what we may call amorous considerations. Mme. Michelet had been brought up in the country, and loved it, and was devoted to the study of nature. She could not understand her husband's ignorance of such pursuits, and did everything in her power to win him from "the brutalities of human history" to the healing contemplation of natural harmonies. It was she who directed his attention to the soul which informs not animals and plants alone, but the all-pervading elements, and she assisted him in all manner of ways in preparing his treatises on "*The Bird*," "*The Insect*," "*The Mountains*," and "*The Sea*."

Thus the intellectual attachment in which the writer revelled was returned by a like intellectual attachment on the part of his Egeria. It was not the real woman whom chance had thrown in his way, that the author loved, but an imaginary being of his own creation, incarnated in her by virtue of that glorious capacity for illusion, which artists only know.

On the other hand, she evidently

loved in him less the man than the author; less the person than the talent, the mind, all that partially fictitious individuality, which is what a man puts into his books. She loved him sincerely indeed—fervently—at times almost with the impassioned devotion which characterizes a genuine attachment. She was truly womanly; and since woman's main vocation is to be a mother, she mingled with her literary devotion a shade of maternal tenderness. Involuntarily, inevitably, she guided and protected him. It would never have occurred to her to compare herself with the man whose genius she admired, of whom it would be little to say that she fully understood the superiority. Yet she gives him advice,

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she never hesitates to influence him, it is her sweetest reward to feel that she has been, to some extent, associated with his work. This kind of influence is less powerful than it is commonly supposed to be, because an author, after all, can only bring out what was already in him. And sometimes Mme. Michelet's influence was unfortunate, though at others it was most beneficent. She gives proof, at all events, of a remarkable intelligence and extreme cerebral activity. The wife of Racine did not know what a verse was. This did not prevent Racine from writing "*Athalie*," but it prevented his wife from having a place in the literary history of France.

*René Doumic.*

#### THE NEAREST VILLAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.

The remotest spot in the old world where human beings live,—that sounds very far off indeed. Yes, this most northern settlement in the world is a long pilgrimage for you and me; and yet a few of us have been there and can tell you what we saw. But how can this far outpost of life in Nova Zembla be reached? Well, just in this way and no other.

First of all, you sail across the North Sea and then up that great inner lead of *Fjords* which runs along the whole of the coast of western Norway, and so round the North Cape under the light of the Midnight Sun. You have now marked off nearly two thousand miles on your chart. Then from the North Cape you sail east along the Lapland coast, with schools of Finner whales spouting all round you, and pass into the dreaded White Sea (which is free of ice for barely three months in the year) and, safely crossing the treach-

erous bar of the Dwina, you reach Archangel in Northern Russia. That makes some seven hundred miles more. Then at Archangel you find the stout little steamer, built for battling with the ice, which annually sails for the two settlements,—Karmacula, the southern and Matotchkin Schar the northern—in far Nova Zembla, and you beseech the British Consul there (kind, energetic and diplomatic official that he is, and for three weeks my most considerate host,) to leave no stone unturned to procure you the privilege of a berth on this Government steamer. The Governor-General of the Archangel province is the model of a good administrator, and red-tape does not tie his hands. After a painful suspense you at last get the necessary permission, together with a big sheet of paper bearing his august signature and seal, and containing directions to his officials to help you, whenever and

wherever possible, under pain of his displeasure,—and, mind you, he has the power of life and death, this genial, pleasant, blue-eyed Governor.

Then at last you hear that the steamer is ready to start, and you go on board to find what accommodation you can, and a great mass of stores for the uncivilized inhabitants on Nova Zembla—all useful stores such as potatoes, cabbages, onions, rye-flour, fishing-nets, timber, and tools. And you further find several potential brides and bridegrooms who have been brought hundreds of miles from the Samoyads of the frozen *tundra* and are destined for certain Nova Zemblans known to be of age and willing to marry. They are so few on that far island that the Russian Government is almost comically paternal in the way in which it enters into every detail of their life. And so you sail out of the White Sea, turn northward and eastward, and ploughing through the stray outliers of the summer ice-pack, you go up into the Arctic Ocean, and leaving the island of Kolguef far behind, you skirt the long jagged edge of the pack and slip through this or that lane in the ice, and finally, after some nine hundred miles of anxious navigation, you drop anchor off Matotchkin Schar—the strait which cuts Nova Zembla in half and on the shores of which is the most northerly outpost in the world. You have now marked off some thirty-six hundred miles on your chart, and at last you have reached your goal.

What an odd scene of welcome it is as you row to the shore and jump out on the gritty beach! Never were there such rough little bundles of humanity, such shaggy specimens of man. About five feet high and apparently four feet wide, it is really surprising how nimble these Samoyads are upon their feet. More often than not, they wear nothing on their heads but their long, matted, and indescribably filthy hair, which

streams out into the wind some ten or twelve inches behind the yellow brows. These brows are seamed with the furrows of exposure, seams that are filled up with the grime of dirt which has never once been intentionally removed. Their body-clothing is merely a huge baggy tunic, closed behind and before and slipped over their heads. It is made of reindeer-skin, with the hair inside. A belt of thongs girds it tightly round the loins, and then the tunic is pulled up and allowed to fall over in great baggy folds. This is an ingenious device of the native who, taught by Nature and dire experience, has learned that it is easier to keep warm with a good big layer of heated human atmosphere between him and his outer covering than if he wore his garment tight against his skin. His breeches are also of deerskin, and so too are his long boots, or *pinnis*, the former with the fur inside and the latter with it outside. An inner tunic of dried deerskin completes his toilet.

But how unsavory it all is! Recollect that he seldom washes from the hour of his birth to the day of his death. Recollect, further, that these skin clothes are of material so tough, and sewn with deer-sinews so strong, that they often outlast the life of the wearer and thus, in a manner, become heirlooms in the family. Now, putting all things together,—the animal nature of the wearer, and the conditions under which he lives—you can get some idea of the verminous state of this Nova Zemblan. Are you fond of the Zoological Gardens? Are you a naturalist? Particularly, are you interested in minute animal life? Well, then, go to Nova Zembla, and when you weary of the white bear and the white fox, of the walrus and the seal, of the wild geese and the snowy owls, go into the skin-tents of the Samoyad and sit down with him cheek by jowl, and eat with him of the red meat of the rein-

deer, and speak with him in monosyllables Anglo-Samoyadian, and you will be content indeed. Even the keenest naturalist will be more than content, while you and I will have had such a surfeit of things minute and irritant as we shall never forget.

Filthy in person, he is also filthy in habit. "Customs have they none and their manners are beastly," once wrote a dejected observer. He might almost write it again of this Nova Zemblan, for his strange old customs are frowned down by the Russian authorities and his manners still remain beastly. To eat with him is an experience such as most men would sooner go without, and none would willingly repeat; an experience, in the poet's words, to be dreamed of, not to tell. For we live in a more genial climate and physically revolt from the very food for which their bodies are clamoring. Thus, their preference for raw meat and copious draughts of blood is not mere barbarism; it is simply the demand of nature for food which is of the freshest and is the richest in vitalizing power. All the children of Arctic lands resemble each other in this,—their practical appreciation of the value of raw meat, blubber and blood in renewing for them the heat and the strength which the Arctic climate is forever sapping. All who have come as strangers to such lands have learned by experience that this is true; and that it is on account of his food that the Eskimo, the Chukchi, and the Samoyad live comfortably and grow fat where the white man grows weak and dies. Scurvy is not to be fought with lime-juice and tinned vegetables, but, rather, by fresh meat which, as a concession to life-long prejudice, is cooked, though ever so lightly, and in which the life-giving blood remains as the great vitalizing element. It is really true that, unless you are civilized out of all recognition as the natural man,

you must live as Nature provides for you in each part of the world; and, taught by Nature, the Samoyad keeps himself fat and warm on a series of feasts which in the absence of spoons and forks and all dread of Mrs. Over-the-Way and her windows, become veritable revels in blood. Like most primitive people and all wild animals, he gorges when he has the chance, and sleeps it off in the course of days when he as often as not goes fasting. Simple and disgusting enough as the food and its eating appear, I am quite sure that should he ever exchange fresh meat and warm blood for tinned-tongues and potted tomatoes, he will become even less able to battle with his already formidable foe, the Arctic climate, and have made a long stride towards his final disappearance.

But how natural and artless he is, this child of Nature, this product of the countless centuries in which he has fought for dear life in the howling wastes of Arctic *tundras*. For Nova Zembla did not produce him; he came from the frozen swamps which stretch across northernmost Russia and all the way along the Arctic coast of Siberia. There he wandered to and fro throughout the centuries, living on his deer, clothed by them, housed by them, drawn by them, fed by them; worshipping his gods of wood and stone and that one great spirit, Num, who transcended all other gods and dwelt behind the stars, forever unattainable; and so he maintained himself and his own characteristics, until the Russian traders, pushing north and east, found him out, and gave him strange sweet food for his furs, and vilest of *vodka* for his undoing. And in his greed of the food that tickled his throat and the drink that fired his slow blood, he sought out with renewed zest the white bear and the blue fox, and the walrus with his great store of fat, and so came to the limits of the world, even to Nova

Zembla, that great finger of land, seven hundred miles long, which stretches out from Europe far into the ice-covered sea and crooks its rigid joints forever Poleward. And here he fought again for dear life, and was often beaten, as were beaten those white explorers who came hither from the far south in search of wonders, and found graves in a soil that never thawed,—the great Dutchman Barents and many another. But the Samoyad of the *tundras* fought on: where one fell another came; and here the Russian Government found a handful of them, when some twenty years ago it built a hut of refuge for the hardy sailors who venture thus far after walrus and seal. Then several Samoyad families were transported to keep the hut from the bears, and to hunt the valuable wild game; and from that time, though irregularly at first, it has been the policy of the Government to send them stores and fishing-nets and timber, and exchange them fairly enough for furs and fish; and to add to the inhabitants; until now there is no inconsiderable colony of the Samoyad race native to Nova Zembla and entirely dependent on the Russian Government for the ameliorations of the absolutely savage life they would otherwise lead.

What shall I recall of the daily life among the Nova Zemblans? Well, here is one feature; the journeying on sledges drawn by dogs, dogs that are half wild and never so happy as when they are slaying and eating one of their own comrades. Ten or twelve of them are harnessed by deer-skin thongs to the sledge, and there are no reins; you compose yourself on this light wooden frame as best you may; and then the driver jumps on and at the same moment brings a ten-foot pole down upon the team with a resounding whack. All is immediately noise and confusion. The twelve wild beasts break into a frenzied howl and simultaneously at-

tack one another. Another whack, and they start off at a furious gallop. Into the mossy pits and swamps, over the rocks and ridges, headlong into the ravines with steep ice-slopes leading to glaciers as cold, and all in one inextricable heap together you roll down high banks into the rivers that rush from the cliffs above. Happy you, if you remain on that sledge; happier still, if no reindeer or fox cross your path; for the hunting instinct of your team is ineradicable, and your career then becomes a furious race to any sort of end so long as it spells disaster. But nevertheless it is an experience, and you gaze anew upon the wild man who takes his pleasure so sadly and reflect not a little.

And is he really a brute beast, this Nova Zemblan? I think not, nor do I think this of any savage, however primitive he may seem to my eyes. Under his filthy skin, there is the man; and you may find here, as in England, men who are lazy and men who are industrious; men who are sober and men who are wanton; those who are cruel and those who are kind; some naturally polite, others as naturally rude; many intelligent, if more are stupid; a few who are at all points irreclaimably bad, and a few who possess all the virtues we are wont to claim for the good citizen. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is true enough of some Russians, and is a phrase which when the names are changed, will fit many another race. It is so with the Samoyad of Nova Zembla and elsewhere. He is the product of an Arctic swamp, and a Mongol by ancestry; he has the monotonous horizon of the one and the callous Stoicism of the other; but at times his experience cuts the plane of our common nature, and then you find that he, like our nearest neighbor, is a man and a brother.

It is so, too, with the children; indeed, I think that children are much the



same all over the world. I have noticed them in all latitudes and as far east as west. They always seem to me to be comparatively free from the inexorable etiquette of custom which makes their parents so difficult to understand. Here, in England, they worship power and Nature, and imitate their elders by playing at trains, at soldiers, at horses, at professions and trades; and here in Nova Zembla they do just the same, only the imitators have other models. For here they play at bear and walrus, and slay them with the bow and arrow and "make believe" with guns; they drive toy-sledges and noisily keep in order imaginary teams of dogs. Now they raise the heavy skin-tent, and now they strike it, and now, as always and everywhere, they play at the most ancient of all games, the game of Mother and Child. And I must not forget, that here, as elsewhere, you find the fine old game of ninepins, as well known and as much practised as ever it was in an English playroom. Happy enough they are, and happier than many an English child; and yet their home, with its surroundings, is one of the most monotonous and dreary on earth.

Imagine, for example, a country where the giant of the forest is scarcely twelve inches high; where the gray-green creeping vegetation is only visible for barely three months in the year; where, to be sure, the tiny forget-me-not opens its sweet blue eyes for a summer month but so exhausts its strength in doing it as to leave none for leaves; where on no exposed ground, and only in the low moist valleys turning to the kindly South, is there the least sign of herb; where for nine months in the year there is nothing but ice and snow and the white bear; where rage the most violent

gales, the very breath of which is icy death; where falls that dark Arctic night, which waits three long deadly months for dawn. Here indeed is the end of things and the worst of places; yet even here you find, as all over the vast Russian Empire, the sturdy simple heroism of the Russian monk.

For the Apostle of the Nova Zemblans is not only a giant in physical strength, he is, and has to be, a hero to overlook the awful desolation of the life. Good Father John, with his flowing hair and great beard, his deep chest and gentle voice, is a volunteer, and so far back as 1887 came here to help these uncivilized savages to lose their fear of those numerous evil spirits which they believe beset their path. Health failed him once, and that once he returned to the Russian monastery which had trained him; but homesickness for Nova Zembla and its handful of Inconsidered savages proved the worst disease; and with the breaking up of the ice he came back. Great is Father John, for he has a wonderful way with these people: he can bear a strong hand at any work that they can do; he can use a strong voice for them when the Government steamer comes each year; and, chief of all, did he not voyage out into the awful Kara Sea, where ice piles on ice and wildly drives hither and thither as foam flies before the wind, and did he not there, on a lonely island, defy and dare and splinter into a thousand pieces that huge solitary shaft of granite, the most sacred of Samoyad gods, who kept watch and ward over all the reindeer and gave them increase, and then, even then, returned with all of his company safe and unharmed? Yes, great is Father John, say the Nova Zemblans; and, knowing the living death to which he has given his years, I echo it.

*Arthur Montefiore Brice.*



## SOME TENDENCIES OF CONTEMPORARY FICTION.

Mr. Wilbur Cross, in his interesting volume on the evolution of English fiction ("The Development of the English Novel," Macmillan and Co., 6s.), devotes his concluding chapter to the contemporary novel, which he treats under the following four heads: "Henry James and Impressionism;" "Philosophical Realism: Mrs. Humphry Ward and Thomas Hardy;" "R. L. Stevenson and the Revival of Romance;" and "Rudyard Kipling." Mr. George Meredith, it should be explained, has already been dealt with in a previous chapter on the psychological novel, the term "contemporary novel" being applied by Mr. Cross to the younger generation of writers. Dealing with so large a subject within the narrow compass of thirty or forty pages, Mr. Cross is perforce unable to indulge in any minute or detailed analysis of the various schools of fiction which he has thus outlined. Thus, in discussing the artistic principles of Mr. Henry James he alludes to no work that has issued from his pen since 1890, and his criticism is impaired by a total neglect alike of that prolonged excursion into the drains and dustbins of high life (of which the fruit has been "What Maisie Knew," "The Two Magics," and "The Awkward Age") and of that labyrinthine allusiveness of style which has replaced the lucidity of Mr. James's earlier manner. In the section on Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is described as "the inspirer of a popular group of novelists who have turned to current speculations for the purpose of open didacticism," Mr. Cross points out how she differs from George Eliot in her freedom from the scruples against propagandism possessed by the elder writer, and how this school like the revolutionary novelists at the close of the eighteenth century, have "embellished the

political treatise for people who would not read it without the story of passion." Mr. Hardy he regards as the best English representative of the realist school, by whom naturalism is pushed to determinist lengths, differing, however, from Zola in his attention to style. Mr. Cross insists with much force on Mr. Hardy's essential paganism, his "love of the dark and sinister in Nature and his feeling of the nothingness of human life in the presence of the everlasting death," and his deep-seated pessimism: "the Immortals would appear to have become enraged at Tess, and to have predestined her hard career." He adds, however, in one of the most striking passages of the book, that Mr. Hardy, like all the other philosophic realists since George Eliot, has failed to realize the important distinction between science and literature. "It may be granted that, so far as science can throw any light on the subject, our conduct is determined for us. And yet there is a voice from the depths of consciousness which says this is not the whole truth. Human nature is not comprehended by formulas and theorems. . . . Toward the close of the last century a group of novelists experimented with determinism; the reading public revolted, and turned to the Gothic Romance and then to Scott and Cooper. Something very like this, in a smaller way perhaps, is happening to-day." Thus by a natural transition Mr. Cross is led to examine into the revival of romance, with Stevenson as its chief hierophant. "What he did at first—and this is one of his innovations—was to awaken delight in adventure for its own sake, just as Defoe did. Chance and Circumstance, which to the philosophers are at best

unlovely, he writes with initial capitals, and says they are the divinities whom he adores. Events, which Hardy marshals so that they seem endowed with spite and cruelty, Stevenson made sing together as the morning stars." Mr. Cross rightly dwells on the superlative quality and delightful rhythm of Stevenson's prose; his fondness for " quaint and smooth-sounding words," which were to him beautiful for themselves; his wholesome morals, spite of his dictum that romance should be "a-moral;" and holds him chiefly responsible for the recrudescence of historical romance. "Just as in the case of Scott," he continues, "Stevenson has been accompanied and followed by several historical romancers, among whom are Conan Doyle, S. R. Crockett, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope Hawkins, and S. Weir Mitchell; and by a group of Scotch emotionalists and humorists, among whom are J. M. Barrie and John Watson." Lastly, Mr. Cross singles out Rudyard Kipling as the most striking figure in our fiction since the death of R. L. Stevenson. "Of the new India of the Queen-Empress and Lord Roberts of Kandahar, Kipling is the first worthy interpreter." For the rest, he dwells on Mr. Kipling's invariable nearness to his subject—"he does not write from the outside of it, but as one who is a part of it"—the penetrating insight most signally displayed in the "Jungle Books," and his supreme gift of seeing romance in the "actualities" of the present.

Mr. Cross's fourfold classification of contemporary writers as impressionists, philosophical realists, romanticists, and Mr. Kipling will serve well enough for practical purposes. But it can hardly lay claim to be exhaustive if tested by reference to what Americans call the "fictional output" of the last few years. Under which head, for example, is Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Conrad to be ranked, both of whom have

attained to well-merited pre-eminence among the younger writers of the hour? It is true that in a crude and schoolboyish way Jules Verne may be said to have anticipated Mr. Wells, but while the Frenchman's romances begin and end with machinery, Mr. Wells penetrates far deeper into the arcana of modern science, and achieves his most striking effects by the application of Swift's circumstantial method to the discoveries or hints of modern medicine, surgery, zoology, etc. Mr. Wells has imitators but no rivals; still we cannot help thinking that there is a future for the school of scientific romance of which he is the real founder. Mr. Conrad, again, represents another curious cross-division of realism and romanticism. The Imperialist note is entirely absent from his work, his sympathy for Europeans being practically limited to those who have come most completely under the spell of the East, whose sombre magic he interprets with extraordinary skill. That from the point of view of racial ethics we hold to be a sign of degeneracy. When a writer denationalizes his standpoint to such an extent as not only to find his heroes and heroines almost exclusively amongst Oriental races, but to depreciate his compatriots wherever comparisons have to be made, his work, no matter how artistic in execution, excites the distrust provoked by exotic or abnormal products. Mr. Conrad has no serious competitors where the Malay Archipelago is concerned, but several other authors might be named in whom the tendency to exalt the Oriental at the expense of the European or Briton may be discerned. Thirdly, Mr. Cross's classification takes no account—though, indeed, it might be urged that there is no reason why it should—of the recent multiplication of those "life-histories" which are in many cases nothing more or less than veiled autobiographies. A superlatively artistic instance is to be

found in Tolstol's "Souvenirs," perhaps the most attractive book he ever wrote; but the modern type of life-history is almost always written by women, is lavish of realistic and repulsive details, and animated by the unfilial desire to represent the heroine's parents in a most unpleasant light. There is yet another species of the genus novelist whose *differentia* consists, not in the quality, but in quantity of the work produced. Discontented with the resources of stenography and the typewriter, they have even pressed the phonograph into their service. It has now become physically possible to produce a novel in about three weeks, and there are several writers whom the conscientious reviewer seems to meet in book form about once a month. This is not literature, it is simply manufacture; none the less one cannot help admiring the endurance of these indefatigable athletes. A few years ago strong men appeared in public who played the pianoforte for thirty and forty hours without stopping. Perhaps some of us will live to see an author's competition in which a prize shall be offered to the novelist who dictates the greatest number of words in twenty-four hours into a phonograph. At the present moment Mr. Guy Boothby would have to concede odds of, say, five thousand words to all comers.

Women novelists forming so large a majority of the total it is only natural that some of the characteristic tendencies of contemporary fiction should be attributable to their numerical preponderance. One we have already noted, —the fashion of velled autobiographies. Another marks a reaction against the early manner of Ouida and Miss Broughton, in which the irresistible attractions of the male characters were dwelt on with an almost fulsome insistence. Nowadays a by no means uncommon note of what German critics call the "emancipation novel," is mis-

andria, or hostility to man. The excessive tyranny of the unhappy ending, again, we are inclined to ascribe to the preponderance of female novelists, though certainly the example of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Gissing has not conduced to hilarity. In regard to style it is curious to note that while a few of our literary Amazons have been infected by the cryptic preciosity of Mr. Meredith, the virtuosity of the late R. L. Stevenson has found no feminine imitators. Many women write fluently, lucidly, even picturesquely, but the antiseptic of style is still almost a monopoly of the male sex. It is notable, too, that while women have long since invaded and distinguished themselves in the domain of sensationalism and melodrama, they have, with rare exceptions, left the fields of adventure unexplored, although in real life the exploits of travellers like Mrs. Bishop and Miss Kingsley prove them to be under no disabilities in the matter of gaining experience. Slum fiction—another male monopoly—is not so much in vogue as it was a couple of years ago, and the incursion into this field of Mr. Richard Whiteing and Mr. Pett Ridge—the latter one of the few successful disciples of Dickens amongst the younger writers of to-day—has served as a welcome antidote to the remorseless pessimism of Messrs. Morrison and Maugham. Greater activity and great talent are now being shown in the cultivation of rural tragedy—Mr. Pearce in Cornwall, "Zack" in Devonshire, and Mr. Raymond in Somersetshire may serve as typical instances—while deliberate attempts at humor (with the bright exception of Mr. W. W. Jacobs) mostly take the form of the "absurdity," a form of entertainment which more often saddens than stimulates the judicious reader. Of the *roman à clef* we had occasion to note only recently a new and somewhat alarming development. On all sides, in fine, there is im-

mense activity and amazing productivity. Yet one has only to scan the list of writers in the front rank to realize the enormously superior quality of the work done by the slow producers. We are apt to forget, however, that it is often not so much the absence of artistic conscience as the presence of a pecuniary motive that induces writers to

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bring out three novels a year instead of one in three years. Twenty-five years ago there were quite a fair number of second-class novelists who made a decent income by their books. Nowadays the second-class novelist, overborne by competition, has to redouble or treble his industry to gain the same remuneration.

### IN NATURE'S WILD GARDEN.

The wild flowers of summer on first thought may seem a scarcely appropriate subject for a season when maple leaf and cornel are already aflame in the hedge, and when the lovely pink berry or drupe of the spindle-wood tree must soon stand out as the sole bit of bright color in all the "ruined woodland." And yet, if one considers it, autumn and winter are really good times in which to dip into books on natural history. When we begin joyfully to remark how long it keeps light, and when our desire for spring and summer days comes near to being satisfied once more, the time is at hand for outdoor delight rather than indoor study. There is a great gap, as we admitted, when touching on this matter on a previous occasion, between the real thing and the thing on the printed page; but still, when we cannot get the former, the latter is a pleasant substitute.

Wild flowers are just now coming in for a good deal of attention from authors, editors and publishers in England. Botanists, as well as people who love wild flowers, but are not botanists, have been stirred by an announcement that a new edition of that noble work of Sowerby is to be produced, and we have before us at the moment three

books of a popular but also sound character on British flora.<sup>1</sup> Anne Pratt! the very name may carry not a few of us back to the meadows and woods of youth, to the days when we loved to press specimens of familiar plants between sheets of blotting paper, and sometimes for whole half-hours at a stretch were faithful followers of Linnaeus till some brilliant butterfly or interesting bird came across our path and turned us into insect hunters and ornithologists! Anne Pratt many of us have known, with no doubt breaks in the acquaintance, for a number of years, and here she is still herself, only a little revised and added to. Mr. Step's own book is new, and compared with, say, Sowerby, no doubt quite revolutionary: indeed considering the strides which have been made in this science, thanks to Darwin and many others, it could not be otherwise. This is no review, and therefore not the place to dwell on either of these most readable books. Only we may say this much, that Mr. Step's volume is misnamed. The "Ro-

<sup>1</sup> *The Romance of Wild Flowers.* By E. Step. London: Warne and Co. 1899. 6s.

*Flowering Plants, Grasses and Ferns of Great Britain.* By Anne Pratt. Vol. I. London: Warne and Co. 1899. 12s.

*Familiar Wild Flowers.* By F. E. Hulme. Sixth Series. London: Cassell. 1899. 3s 6d.

mance of Wild Flowers" is a pleasant title, but we are not romancing in the least when we tell the story, at once so true and so marvelous, of how the arum, the cuckoo-pint of the children, under false pretences entices certain innocent flies, which dote on certain fungi food, only to shut them all up in a trap and make them fertilize its seed eggs, above which they crawl perplexed; and of how this same arum being, unlike the sundew and its kind, not so much cruel as crafty, feeds the prisoners while they are in durance vile and even in the end—after they are no more good—lets them out. Neither are we romancing when we tell how the common furze, which makes golden our commons now in autumn, jerks its seeds away from itself by bursting open its black pods with just the necessary force. These and a thousand others are surely not romances so much as sober matter-of-fact life-histories of the flowers in Nature's wild garden. The romances of the flowers surely are those pretty fables of the ancients and those ingenious, but also too often exploded, theories of our botanical forefathers, of the Gerardes and the Culpeppers—theories belonging—the strictly scientific man will tell us—to the dark age in English botany. Our knowledge of flower life has made immense strides during the present century, and especially, perhaps, during the latter half of it, so that to this branch, at any rate, the impatient words of the hero of "Locksley Hall" could not be applied—"Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point." As a necessary consequence the old theories, medicinal and otherwise, of the English flora students of the days of herbalism have gone down one after another. A new and much more wonderful world has opened up to the botanists, and it has come to pass that men and women may talk and write of the intelligence and

the susceptibilities and appetites and digestion of plants without fear of being discredited by any save the very ignorant. It is an intensely interesting world, this new one, and botany, despite its repellant nomenclature, its rows of Monocotyledones, Thalamifloræ, and the like in that bald language of the flower-learned, is bound to be one of the closely pursued sciences of the twentieth century.

Can people dip at all deeply into the real science of botany, come to know much about self and cross fertilization and such matters, and yet enjoy flowers because of their beauty, because of the delight of finding them in lovely spots on lovely summer days, because, perhaps, of the quaint stories told about them by kindly, if mistaken people, of old-time, and last, but very, very far from least, because of their dear associations? This is a question one often asks oneself, and in connection with other wild objects besides flowers. Must the scientific sense blunt the æsthetic one, will the botanist endure anything about the flowers which is not fact capable of scientific demonstration? Often, without doubt, and even though the botanists may themselves demur, this will be the case: pistils and stamens, nectaries and receptacles—these things will not always go well with artless talk about sweet blooms and bright berries, or even with the simple, very English names given by the unlearned to flowers. But on the other hand, there are many lovers of nature and field naturalists whose affection for the flowers and plants is so great and fixed that from time to time they may safely visit this new wondrous world to presently emerge from it as much in love as ever with the old: they will still care for the flower because of its beauty, because it grows in the best places at the best time of year, because of the old legends woven round it, because it vividly recalls to

them the glad, sorrowful days of childhood or the tender passages of true love. Flowers, indeed, apart altogether from the science of botany, are inextricably woven about human life. When will the artist be tired of painting the children in the meadows with their laps full of cowslip or celandine, the ardent lover, still gloriously uncertain of his fate, offering his lady a rose or bunch of forget-me-nots? Even in death we are not divided from them, as the graves of rich and poor alike show. "Rose-leaves for a maiden dead," says Shelley: for the sculptured hand of a child, who faded as a flower in her unsullied youth, Chantry well thought of snow-drops.

On the whole, then, though great zeal in studying botany may occasionally rob some men, possibly even some

women, of the joy in flowers springing from their beauty and associations, there seems no great danger of the loss becoming at all general. Let the botanist classify and name for his own purposes in his own way, but let him be careful not to do anything to bring into contempt the love of flowers apart altogether from science lest we rightly call him dry-as-dust and blind to beauty. Finally let him help to keep up the old names as well as new. We must always have our Sweet William, King-cup, Sweet Cicely, loose-strife, hearts-ease, codlins and cream, and fever-few, names with stories and meanings whose loss would be a loss to the language: their very mention turns our thoughts to the gardens and the pasturelands of summer gone but coming again.

*The Saturday Review.*

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#### OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

There was no age when England's voice was dumb  
 Amid the chorus paramount in song,  
 They do our fathers not a little wrong  
 Who deem them nought but fierce and quarrelsome.  
 Yea, even as the honey-bees will hum  
 Round arid saxifrage in ardent throng,  
 So out of words and grammar harsh and strong  
 Men beat out Beowulf and the Ormulum.

Scorn not their writing; seek in them to find  
 Heart-poetry that strove in vain for phrase,  
 And look with kindly eye on Layamon.  
 They sowed their seed beside the stony ways,  
 It is the centuries that reap and bind,  
 Maybe that Caedmon gave us Tennyson.

From "Ventures in Verse.

*Janne Williams.*



# The Living Age.—Supplement.

DECEMBER 2, 1899.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### SILAS TRUSTGORE'S GIFT.\*

The firelight streamed across the threshold of Mary Anne Wort's cottage, and flickered against the diamond-paned windows. The table in the kitchen was laid for supper, and on the hob the kettle, approaching boiling point, spurted fitfully. Miss Wort lit the lamp, and as she did so a knock sounded at the door and Silas entered. He was carrying a parcel of somewhat curious shape, which he placed, together with his cap, on a side-table.

"I thought I would jest drap in, it being Saturday night," he said.

"I put an extry plate for 'ee," she answered, without turning round.

He went to the window and picked the dead leaves off some geraniums that grew there. "The plants be a bit dry," he remarked. "Shall I fetch a drap o' water for 'em from the butt?"

"Ay, do," she said; "and I'll dish up the while."

They ate the meal in silence, but afterwards when the supper things had been cleared away, Mary Anne Wort drew her chair up in front of the fire and invited Silas to do the same. Before complying, however, he fetched the odd-shaped parcel from the side-table.

"I've brought 'ee sommat," he said. "The nights wull be gitting longer soon, and I thought maybe 'twud be company like."

An expression of pleased interest crossed Mary Anne Wort's face. "Wait

a bit till I find my glasses," she answered.

"Time enough, time enough," replied the hostler, slowly untying the parcel. "There now!" he exclaimed, as he removed the last wrapper: "What do 'ee think o' that?"

"Law bless us!" cried Mary Anne, in a voice of mingled astonishment and delight—"If 'tiddn't my old Tom—and looking the very moral o' hiszulf too. Whativer do it mean?"

Silas smiled, his lips, hard as drawn wire, lengthening leanly. "I dug 'un up and stuffed 'un," he answered. "Happen you minds he died about the fust I comed courting. I said to mezulf 'If Mary Anne Wort promises me her hand, I'll stuff thic cat and gie it her for a wedding present!' I brought it 'ee a bit sooner cuz you seems lonesome here all by yurzulf."

"Ay, I be lonesome," she admitted. "Law," she continued, leaning forward and stroking her dead favorite—"how prosperous he do look, to be sure, sitting there on that bit o' red cloth."

Silas's face softened with satisfaction.

"I put a squeak in 'un. You 'ave on'y got to pinch his tail, and he'll cry the same as any living thing: it warks zo," he explained, pinching the cat between his finger and thumb.

"Well, I niver, only hark to that!" cried Mary Anne Wort, as her stuffed favorite produced a spirited "miaow." "'Tis his very tone and voice."

"Ay," commented Silas, "the cat be

\* From *On Trial*. By Zack. Copyright 1899 by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

there but the milk remains in the jug." He was silent a moment, and raising his eyes, glanced round the kitchen.

"'Tis a tidy little place you've got here," he remarked, in a pleased voice. "Us 'ull settle down comfortable wi' wat us 'ave laid by and wat us makes out o' vules and sich."

At this moment there was a knock at the door and Dan entered. A curious half-mocking smile flitted for a moment across the hostler's face as his eyes fell upon the young fellow.

"They told me over at the inn I shud find you here," Dan explained.

"Ba 'ee after having a few wuds wi' me then?" answered the hostler, rising.

"Ess," said Dan; and the two men left the cottage together. They passed down the narrow path to the road beyond, which was divided from the garden by a high privet hedge.

"Ah," exclaimed Mary Anne Wort, slowly, "that lad be wan o' the vules no doubt! I should dearly like to know what Silas be after wi' he." She stood for a moment irresolute, glancing first at the open door and then at her stuffed favorite.

"It do zim a bit unfriendzome spying on him after he acted that thoughtful, stuffing my Tom. Still," she added, "a lone woman must needs zee to things herzulf."

So saying she stole softly to the door and peered out. There was no moon—everything lay shrouded in shadow. A low murmur of voices echoed across to her.

"I'll ruckee down longside thic hedge," she exclaimed, slipping into the garden. "This bain't the time to be pernicketting in choice o' acts."

Her dress caught on a rose-bush; she detached it with trembling fingers.

Silas peered across the gate.

"Be that you, Mary Anne?" he called. She stood still, making no answer.

"'Tiddn't nought but some bird," said Dan impatiently. "Look 'ee," he

continued, "you reckons to make fifteen pun by the mare—why won't you wait? I cud work and pay the money honest if you wud wait."

"Na, na, I wor niver wan o' yer dawdlers," Silas answered. "When a man needs a shillun to-day, 'tiddn't much good promising him a pun next year."

"Gie me back the letter, and I will work for 'e honest," Dan pleaded.

"And 'tis honest wark I'm axing o' 'ee," Silas answered. "Ain't I told 'ee all along it cud be warked honest?"

Dan stamped his foot. "That be nought but wan o' yer lies," he said, angrily. "Why shud you want to ruin me? I ain't niver done you no harm."

"Ruin 'ee? I don't want to ruin 'ee," Silas answered. "I uses 'ee for my own puppusses, that's wat I does; and if you valls to pieces in my hand that be your Maker's fault, not mine. Na, na; there iddn't no wan outside a man's zulf that can bring him to ruin, lest 'tis his Maker."

"I can't argy wi' 'ee," said Dan, in a hopeless voice. "But I jest ax 'ee, standing here as man to man to gie me this wan chance."

There was a long pause, and Silas drew nearer and laid his hand on the young fellow's arm. "You'll reckon most like that I be a heartless devil when I answers 'ee Nay," he said; "but na, lad, 'tiddn't this: 'tis cuz I see 'twud but be gieing 'ee a longer rope to hang yerzulf by. You ain't got the grit, you ain't got the spunk, to pull up in time. If I stands azide, there'll be they who won't stand azide; and why shud I lose my profit if hell 'ull 'ave 'ee any way?"

"I bain't as bad as all thic," exclaimed Dan, hoarsely. "I know I ain't as bad as all thic; there be zome good in me. I swear it!"

Silas looked down on the lad's face, white against the dusky evening shadows. "Ay," he said, "there be good in 'ee, and you be the rottener becuz o'

ut. Belave me, there iddn't no more worthless skiddik in nater than thic that ba too rotten for dacent use, and too good to be drawed out on the dung-heap. Na, na; upright livin' iddn't for sich as you, and if 'ee take my advice, you'll gie up worritting arter it."

"Curse you!" Dan burst out in helpless impotence, "curse you!"

"Ay, cuss away, and much good may it do 'ee."

"Oh, you be a heartless devil!"

"Zim zo to 'ee, naw doubt," said Silas, turning from him and pushing back the gate. "Wull, good night, I must ba on the move."

There was no answer—Dan had rushed away into the darkness. The old man sighed, and began slowly to retrace his steps. As he neared the rose-tree the tall form of Mary Anne Wort confronted him.

"Ba that 'ee, Mary Anne Wort?" he exclaimed, starting back.

"Ay."

"You heard what us zed?"

"Ivery wud. Come inzide."

They went inside and closed the door; their hard immobile faces had turned from rusty yellow to grayish white, but the lips, close-set, showed no sign of tremulousness. The woman spoke first; her voice, though dry, was firm and even.

"Us must part from this night," she said.

"Ez yer wull."

"I wud ha' made 'ee a good wife."

"I knaws it."

She put her puckered big-boned hand on his shoulder. "Silas," she said, solemnly, "s'posin' this lad testifies agin 'ee on the day o' Jidgment?"

"I ain't got no fear o' sich trash ez he."

"Happen he's trash in our eyes, but who shall say if he be zo in the Almighty's?" she answered. "Oh, Silas," she continued, and her voice for the first time betrayed emotion, "I could n't bear to see 'ee cast away when it comed to the last!"

"I walks circumspect," he answered; but he spoke without his usual glibness.

"That may save 'ee wi' man, but I fear sore it 'ull no save 'ee wi' God," she replied, turning from him with what sounded like a rough sob. He took up his cap and opened the door, halting a moment, his hand on the latch. "You be a good woman, Mary Anne Wort," he said; "I reckon, ez things go nowadays, us eud ha' made wan-nother comfortable." And he went out and left her.

She listened to his retreating steps in silence, and then her eyes fell on the stuffed cat. Sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and between her red fingers the sparse tears of middle-age trickled slowly.

"Oh, Silas, Silas," she exclaimed, "what a varrigated thing human nater be!"

## THE PRESENT KHEDIVE.\*

Abbas Pasha does not claim infallibility, but realizes, like his seniors, that administrative mistakes can be made.

He is a very different man from the ordinary type of Oriental sovereign, having no religious bigotry, narrowness of thought, or ignorance of the outside world. A desire to promote the welfare of his people is his controlling

\*From *Present-Day Egypt*. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Copyright 1899 by The Century Co. Price, \$2.50.

thought, and under his guidance their future would be full of encouragement and hope.

The khedive receives a yearly grant from the Egyptian government of five hundred thousand dollars. His private wealth is great, and chiefly invested in productive farms and cotton-plantations in the Nile delta. His habits tend to thrift, perhaps as the natural result of the downfall of Khedive Ismail, whose extravagance has no parallel in history. In addition to the khedive's grant from the national exchequer, he receives another five hundred thousand dollars for the support of his mother, brother, sisters, and the various relatives of the khedival family, nearly a hundred in number.

He is a strict disciplinarian,—reflecting doubtless his Austrian training,—but is just, considerate, and kind. State and show he dislikes, but insists on receiving the full deference due his rank. In childhood the two brothers, in addressing each other, invariably employed the full title, as Prince Abbas Bey and Prince Mehemet Ali Bey. On one occasion, it is related, however, the latter was inclined to be indolent and shirk his lesson.

"Come, Prince," urged his instructor, "it must be done."

Abbas Bey at once exclaimed; "Prince, indeed! My brother is no prince when idle—he is only a fellow."

One privileged to meet the khedive is led to the audience-chamber through files of saluting guardsmen—in smart blue uniforms if it is winter and at Abdin Palace in Cairo, or in white uniforms if it is summer at Ras-el-Teen in Alexandria. He is greeted at the door in a manner proving the khedive's geniality. After shaking hands the visitor is motioned to a seat on the divan with his Highness. Khedive Abbas has a pleasing face, full and round, with a fair complexion browned by outdoor exercise. The upper lip is arched and

delicately molded; the lower full, but without a touch of grossness. There is a little dark mustache, to which he puts his right hand in moments of animation, twisting its ends.

No portrait gives an idea of the wonder of the face, which comes from eyes of light hazel, and the fair, clear complexion derived from his Turkish ancestors. The eyes mirror every emotion, flashing with the light of laughter, and deepening with the shadow of thought. Photographs of the khedive cannot possibly suggest the charm of face, coming with his mood, and varying therewith. Abbas's figure tends to stoutness, and he is not tall. He is unmistakably magnetic, agreeable, and mentally alert. In his dress there is nothing Oriental, save the red tarboosh, never removed from the head. The clothes might be those of any young American, not particular as to the latest mode, but his coat on ordinary occasions is invariably a frock. Jewelry and glossy boots are never in evidence, except when he wears the uniform of commander-in-chief of the army, with gemmed orders, sword and accoutrements.

A visitor quickly discovers that he is dealing with no novice of life and affairs, but with one whose responsible position has forced a precocious maturity, for Abbas's manner and words are those of a man of thirty-five. He quickly grasps the point of a question and a few minutes' conversation shows him to have a good insight into current events.

A remarkable memory enables the khedive to converse effectively on almost any topic. When on military subjects he will speak of the excellent services rendered the Egyptian army by the Americans who placed it on a footing of efficiency in his grandfather's time. It is the firmly set mouth that indicates his determination, inherited from Ismail, and which his own father

did not possess. The khedive is by some called stubborn and obstinate; but, like many others, he can be more easily led than driven.

His Highness rises usually at half-past five o'clock, and shortly after is in the saddle for a ride about Koubbeh or Montazah, visiting working parties and stables, and giving orders for the day after the manner of any gentleman farmer superintending his own estates. He breakfasts at eight, after which and up to noon, if it is not an audience-day in town, he is occupied with his secretaries in arranging and considering affairs of state, going thoroughly into details before deciding any matter. After luncheon a secretary replies to letters of a personal character under the khedive's direction, and from three to five his Highness receives diplomatic and other official visitors, and then drives until sunset. It is his custom to appear on the Ghizereh oval, in Cairo, every Friday afternoon in the season. For an Eastern, Abbas Pasha is extraordinarily energetic.

When the Duke of Cambridge was in Cairo, a few seasons since, it was arranged that a field-review be given of the Egyptian troops quartered in the capital, in honor of the famous commander-in-chief of Queen Victoria's army. The proposition came from Britishers in the Egyptian service, those who believe that Egypt would go to the eternal bow-wows were it not for the fostering hand of England. His Highness the Khedive was to be present, as nominal commander of the army.

All Cairo was at Abbassieh, on horseback or in carriage, to see the manoeuvres. The khedive galloped on to the parade-ground with his aides, and immediately took command of the forces. The spectators were treated to something manifestly not on the bills, for the young Egyptian put the soldiers through their paces in a manner caus-

ing consternation to the officials who had intended the khedive to play an ornamental part only in the show.

Infantry and cavalry were hurried here and there, the camel corps was sent across the desert to repel an imaginary foe, and platoons of artillery were ordered into position, and their guns belched forth volley after volley. This mimic warfare, extending over miles of the desert, was kept up for two hours, and waxed so fast and furious that nearly all the spectators had fallen by the wayside, from inability to keep up, long before it was over. His Royal Highness of England had not experienced such a shaking up for years, and when the campaign ended did not hesitate to say that Egyptian soldiers were a fine lot of men, knowing every detail of a soldier's calling.

This approving formula had become habitual with him in commending British yeomanry and volunteers, but in this case was uttered with unmistakable sincerity. The old duke had seen more practical soldiering on the plains of Abbassieh than he had anticipated, and from that time he has been an admirer of the young khedive.

In a nautical talk the khedive told me that he was not the best of sailors, and instanced that sad winter voyage when summoned from Vienna to assume the throne of Egypt. Etiquette demanded that the Austrian emperor place a steamer at the youth's disposal, with an escort of dignitaries from the Vienna court. The vessel was old, "perhaps fifty years old, and very small," said the khedive. Violent storms had made the Adriatic and Mediterranean turbulent, and the journey from Triest was disagreeable and trying. High seas retarded progress, and even the ship's officers wished themselves ashore. At Brindisi Prince Abbas begged to have the ship wait for better weather.

"I must not stop, Highness," was the admiral's reply, "for it is the emperor's command to lose no time, and the etiquette must be observed."

When the peaceful harbors of Greece came in sight, the khedive again pleaded for delay. But the punctilious commander insisted that "the etiquette must be observed, for it was his Majesty's order."

This was too much for the poor suf-

ferer, and he remarked to the ceremonious officer: "Etiquette is well enough in its place; but his Majesty Francis Joseph is comfortable in Vienna, and not seasick on this awful ship."

The voyage was successfully completed, nevertheless, and the day after landing on Egyptian soil the illustrious passenger formally took upon himself the rulership of Egypt.

### FOR DOROTHY Q'S TROUSSEAU.\*

It was only a brief visit that Aaron Burr made at his cousin's, but it was long enough to divert Miss Quincy, and make her neglectful of her correspondence with the Hon. John Hancock. There were walks on the beach and drives back into the hills over long reaches of country. There were interminable talks about people and politics, as well as the sweet trivialities that circulate among susceptible youth, and pass for the wit and gallantry of love-making.

Desire Hardy was quite as much the object of Burr's attention as Miss Dorothy. The two young ladies had become deeply interested in each other. Desire was drawn to Miss Quincy because she was not only a beautiful and fascinating creature, but a belle in society, a much-courted lady, one conversant with the fashion and gossip of the day, the fiancée of John Hancock, the wealthy Boston merchant, and now president of the Continental Congress. Acquaintance with her opened to Desire a vast realm of aspiration.

Dorothy Quincy liked Desire because she found her intensely alive to everything that was going on in the world,

—one of the sympathetic, quick-witted girls that respond easily and naturally to every chance in life, a companion with a dash of originality, a force of invention simply irresistible. Neither man nor woman could feel solitary or downhearted in the presence of Desire Hardy. She would adapt herself to rich and poor alike, and was quite as popular with humble folk as with the best-educated and most refined individual in town.

So the few days that Aaron Burr stayed in Fairfield were among the gayest and happiest of the season. The war was on, and news came back from Boston concerning the doings of redcoats and minute-men; but young men and maidens, howsoever patriotic they may be, still remain true to nature and think upon the gentler ways and means of love.

And Aunt Lydia Hancock was watchful of the young people. While she might be won by the frank homage and rollicking humor of young Burr, and immensely entertained by the fresh charm and ingenuous sprightliness of Desire, yet she exercised a wise, constant surveillance over the company, careful that no harm came to her charge. So one day in late June, the

\* From *The Unknown Patriot*. By Frank Samuel Child. Copyright 1899 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.



student of law mounted his horse and galloped off to Litchfield.

"What a free-hearted, merry fellow he is!" remarked Desire to Miss Quincy. "With his gayety and youthful enthusiasm, there is a spirit of real manliness which makes him infinitely attractive."

"Yes, he is a delightful young gentleman," sighed Miss Dorothy. "Do you really think he will go to war?" a secret hope that perhaps he might return to Fairfield soon, rising unbidden in her heart.

"Yes, yes; he'll go. How could he help it? I have wished a thousand times that I was a soldier, so that I could go too." The young ladies were sitting on the front porch at Mr. Burr's. It was the day after General Washington had passed through town on his way to Cambridge, June 29th. "They say that our Commander-in-chief is a greater fighter than General Putnam, but he looks to me like a grand gentleman."

"Gentleman and soldier both, I think. What a noble figure he makes as he rides with his cavalcade of horsemen!"

"Ah! here comes Mr. Burr, and he's got a packet in his hand. Perhaps it is a letter for you." But Miss Dorothy was not wishing for letters. She had received several from her lover, and they remained unanswered.

"Did I show you my new stockings which Mr. Hancock sent me from Philadelphia? Come with me upstairs."

Another moment and they were engaged in looking over the lovely things which Dr. Church had brought her from the great trade emporium of Pennsylvania. Spread out upon the table was one of John Hancock's letters.

"Child, read it," said the fair Dorothy, with a spice of mischief in her manner. "Mayhap you'll like to know how a great lover expresses himself;"

and she pushed the precise, legible writing into the hand of the curious girl. Desire read as follows:—

My Dr. Dolly,—I am almost prevail'd on to think that my letters to my Aunt & you are not read, for I cannot obtain a reply. I have ask'd a million questions & not an answer to one, I beg'd you to let me know what things my Aunt wanted & you, & many other matters I wanted to know, but not one word in answer. I Really Take it extreme unkind, pray my Dr. use not so much Ceremony & Reservedness, why can't you use freedom in writing, be not afraid of me, I want long Letters. I am glad the little things I sent you are agreeable. Why did you not write me of the top of the Umbrella. I am sorry it was spoiled, but I will send you another by my Express wch will go in a few days. How did my Aunt like her gown & do let me know if the Stockings suited her; she had better send a pattern shoe & stocking, I warrant I will suit her. The Inclos'd letter for your Father you will read & seal & forward him, you will observe I mention in it your writing your Sister Katy about a few necessities for Katy Sewall, what you think Right let her have & Roy James, this only between you & I; do write your Father I should be glad to hear from him & I Beg, my Dear Dolly you will write me often & long Letters, I will forgive the past if you will mend in future. Do ask my Aunt to make me up & send me a Watch String, & do you make up another & send me, I wear them out fast. I want some little thing of your doing.

Remember to all Friends with you as if nam'd. I am call'd upon & must obey.

I have sent you by Doer Church in a paper Box Directed to you, the following things for your acceptance, & which I do insist you wear, if you do not I shall think the Donor is the objection:—

2 pair white silk	} stockings which I think will fit you shoes, the other Shall be sent when done.
4 pr. white thread	
1 pr. Black Satin	
1 pr. Black Calem Co.	
1 very pretty light Hat.	
1 neat airy Summer Cloak. (I ask Doer. Church)	
2 caps.	
1 Fann.	

I wish these may please you, I shall be gratified if they do, pray write me, I will attend to all your Commands.

Adieu my Dr. Ghl, & believe me to be with great Esteem & Affection,

Yours without Reserve

John Hancock.

Remember me to Katy Brackett.

"They are beautiful," said Desire, dropping the letter upon the table and taking the exquisite hosiery into her hands. "And Mrs. Burr herself never wore a lovelier hat, and the fan,—it is like a dream. I think Mr. Hancock will make a very domestic man."

"Yes," answered Miss Dorothy Quincy, with the slightest suggestion of impatience in her words, "I've no doubt he'll prove a thoroughly domestic person."

## SNOW-TRACKS.\*

To my thinking, the small beasts that still inhabit our woods have been altogether too much neglected by the student of nature, though really much nearer to us and much more easily comprehended than birds, when you have once succeeded in finding them. For that they are more difficult to observe than birds is undeniable.

I am persuaded that most of us would be surprised to learn how many wild animals of the bigness of a cat and upwards pass their lives in the midst of cultivated districts without ever having been seen by men, to die at last of old age, their existence even unsuspected by the owners of the land they dwelt upon.

In studying quadrupeds, the chief thing to bear in mind is that, with the exception of squirrels and woodchucks, and possibly one or two others, all of them have comparatively poor eyesight, at all events for daylight, and apparently not much better for twilight or darkness.

But even with the best of eyes they could only see in one direction at a time, while the slightest screen of grass or foliage conceals everything beyond it. But with a sense of smell and hearing such as theirs, they are instantly aware of anything that takes place in their immediate vicinity, with the exception of the one point towards which the wind blows. And here is where better eyesight would often stand them in good stead, for eyes are more serviceable away from the wind than against it, and the wonder is that in all these generations of hunting and being hunted, their eyes have not reached a degree of perfection; but perhaps any gain in that direction would mean a corresponding loss in the other senses, and so the least important was sacrificed; and it certainly seems to be true that in no living creature are all of these senses perfect.

While the wind is at your back, you will only get the most unsatisfactory glimpses of any of the fox and weasel tribes; but with it in the opposite direction, you may study them at your

\* From *Little Beasts of Field and Wood*. By William Everett Cram. Copyright 1899 by Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.25.

leisure; and to a certain degree this is true of all our wild animals.

In one sense winter is the best time for studying them, for when the snow is in the right direction, you may follow the footsteps of all those that are abroad at that season, and see for yourself how they have been spending their time. On snow that is twenty-four hours old you can hardly go a dozen rods without crossing the track of one creature or another, and of course they multiply each night so long as the weather is favorable, until in many places it becomes difficult to distinguish between them. Perhaps the best snow on which to study footprints is a good firm crust, not too slippery, with half an inch of fine snow spread on its surface.

Snow that has been blown about a good deal, and then packed by the wind, takes the clearest imprints, showing the exact mould of the feet that made them; but such tracks are apt to be shallow, often little more than scratches, and hard to see at a distance. If the crust is icy and the surface snow very light, most animals slip about on it, more or less, often making it difficult to identify their tracks. Very light snow, if more than an inch or two in depth, falls back into the footprint just made, obliterating the outline of the foot and giving the impression of the track of a much larger animal. A damp snow is nearly always satisfactory for tracking, though decidedly unpleasant to walk in; and it often happens that the clearest tracks will be found in snow that has been almost wasted away by the rains.

For some reason or other, the first snow of the season usually shows few tracks upon its surface; perhaps because the feet of the wild creatures have not become toughened against its chill, and they avoid moving about any more than is necessary. At all events,

the number of tracks is apt to increase with each successive snow-storm until the last of the season, so that snow in April is sure to present a perfect criss-cross of tracks before it is many hours old, partly owing, no doubt, to the hibernating animals, who have nearly all waked up by that time.

When snow is melting rapidly, it is easy to tell at a glance just how long each of the more recent tracks has been made; but in cold weather it is somewhat more difficult. If the air is not utterly devoid of moisture, you can judge pretty closely by the size of the frost crystals formed at the edge of each footprint. You may also, by taking up a handful of snow around it, tell something by the readiness with which it falls together, but this last method is likely to prove pretty wild guessing, with any but an old hunter or an Indian. In thick woods you must look for hemlock leaves or anything of the kind, and calculate from the comparative frequency with which they occur in the track and on the surrounding snow, and from the strength of the wind and the age of the snow, about how far you are behind your quarry.

But above all things, you must have your eye in readiness to see that which you are not looking for, as on every track there is something for every few rods that can tell you conclusively what you wish to know, if you can only read it aright. It is simply the game played by the detective, and just as intensely fascinating when once you have learned the first few moves. For as the track grows fresher as you follow it, you must stop looking for it at your feet, but away in front of you, for the further you can discern it in its windings among the trees, the more prospect there is of coming upon the one that made it, unawares, and with this in view the best track to follow is one that leads you towards the wind.

The snow often reveals curious and

interesting things that would otherwise escape notice. Sometimes I have observed that practically all the freshly made tracks in a certain locality pointed the same way,—foxes, weasels, rabbits, squirrels, and partridges, all headed in the same direction without any apparent cause and independent of the season.

The birds of prey in their hunting write the most entertaining histories of their successes and failures on its surface; sometimes just the marks made by the tips of their wing feathers several feet apart on the snow, while half way between them a mouse track ter-

minates abruptly, though much often the hunter plunges deep into the snow in its anxiety to secure its prey.

Last winter I observed where a great horned-owl had dashed at a rabbit and, missing, gone sprawling along the snow-crust, helpless before the velocity of its charge, stripping the leaves from the ground laurel in its endeavors to check its speed, until finally brought to a full stop by the drooping boughs of a hemlock frozen into the snow. Whereupon it regained its feet and walked off a few yards before taking flight, while the rabbit bounded away to cover.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An English edition of Small, Maynard & Co's "Beacon Biographies" is being published by the Messrs. Kegan Paul.

The title of "The New Evangelism" will be given to a volume of hitherto unpublished essays by the late Henry Drummond, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon publish.

The Rev. Alfred J. Church, who has been one of the most voluminous and indefatigable of writers, particularly in the popularizing of classic lore, is about to write his autobiography.

Among the most interesting announcements of the Frederick Stokes Company for next year is a new edition of the works of Charles Kingsley, edited by his daughter, and containing much fresh material.

Miss Florence Marryat (Mrs. Leaa), whose death has recently occurred in England, inherited from her

father, Captain Marryat, an unusual fluency in story-writing, and was the author of not far from seventy novels.

A terse and effective little book, with some bit of hard truth cleverly aimed at almost every sort of man, woman and child, is Bolton Hall's "Things as They Are," published by Small, Maynard & Co. Many of these shots are in the form of fables, and the book will be useful to keep on hand, as ammunition for occasional use.

The outbreak of the war in South Africa is said to have caused the postponement of not a few publishers' plans in England, because of the well-ascertained fact that people are less inclined to read books when the papers are filled with war bulletins and despatches; but there is said to have been no check in the flow of fiction.

Few fiercer times can be chosen for a romance than that of the French Revolution, and a necessarily

striking story is Ange Galdemar's "Robespierre," which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish. It is in fact an authorized changing of Sardou's play into a novel, and it still retains enough of the dramatic form to make it unusually crisp and vigorous.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. have become publishers of the only authorized American edition of the well-known "Expositor's Bible," the preparation of which has enlisted the effort of some of the foremost of English scholars and theologians.

The many who are familiar with the name of Richard Burton, and who know that their confidence in the gentle, spiritual and courageous ring of his verses will not be betrayed, have a pleasure awaiting them in his new volume of poems, "Lyrics of Brotherhood," which Small, Maynard & Co. publish. The charm of some of the shortest of these lyrics is of the "inevitable" quality; one is aware that nothing but verse could so perfectly have expressed exactly such a thought.

The tangled web that Anne Boleyn wove for herself and for others is interestingly told of in M. Imlay Taylor's new romance, "The House of the Wizard," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The heroine is Mistress Betty Carew, a spirited young lady-in-waiting, whose life is made perplexing and exciting enough between her sympathy for the unfortunate Queen Catherine, her allegiance to Queen Anne, and her acquaintance with Jane Seymour—not to mention a genuine love story of her own.

The smuggler, as a man and as a sea-captain, has rarely been more curiously portrayed than in "Heronford," by S. R. Keightley. He is not a chief character, however, and the book is unlike

many adventure stories, for the hero and heroine, as well as most of the minor characters, are distinct personalities rather than parts of a mechanism. The story turns upon the misadventure that befell its narrator, John Cassilis, before he came into his inheritance, and it is exciting and absorbing. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Imaginative sketches of the future life will usually either strongly repel or strongly attract their readers, and a tiny volume, entitled "Behind the Veil," which Little, Brown & Co. publish, is forcible enough in its style to do one or the other quite emphatically. It has the merit of dwelling somewhat less on externals than many such stories, and in its suggestions as to the vital and lasting significance of character-building in this world, it is stimulating. Its author has added to the illusion of the tale by choosing to omit his or her name from the title-page.

A study in "social settlement" life, which pushes the conclusions of some mission workers to their logical but somewhat unusual results, is Hervey White's "Differences," published by Small, Maynard & Co. A "Settlement House" in Chicago is the stage of the action, and the hero and heroine are a young English mechanic, a man of strong, kindly character, and the daughter of a wealthy clergyman, who puts her theories as to the labor problem and the equal rights of all men to a test at which they do not flinch.

Foremost among Spanish novelists of the day is the writer whose story of the siege of Saragossa, admirably translated by Minna Caroline Smith, is published by Little, Brown & Co. The "Saragossa" of B. Pérez Galdós is a romance that reads like a transcript from life, for it is told in autobiographical fashion, and is strikingly faithful to

the details of life in the besieged and agonized city. The love story, whose heroine is "the maid of Saragossa," is inextricably connected with the progress of the siege.

A systematic and well-arranged series of biographical studies is Mary Fisher's "General Survey of American Literature," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The volume opens with a clear and preliminary "general survey," after which Channing, Irving, the group of transcendentalists, Holmes, Motley, and the whole range of notable writers up to the later circle that includes Howells and James, are dealt with in a style at once discriminating and attractive. The "human touch" is pleasingly apparent throughout the book.

To take a peep at John Hancock's love-letters and to know just what fair raiment made a part of Dorothy Q.'s trousseau is fascinating enough. But the hero of Frank Samuel Child's "An Unknown Patriot"—or the heroine, for the mystification of the story is admirably kept up to the very last—furnishes an even more exciting study. The unknown who sent to Washington for several years, through manifold trials and perils, the adroitly arranged news in cipher which let in continuous light upon the doings of the enemy, is a personage of remarkable dignity. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The day of the weasel and the mink, the otter and the muskrat, has dawned at last. These little common-place neighbors are receiving their share of the homage so generously offered to their more lordly brothers, and "The Little Beasts of Field and Wood," which Small, Maynard & Co. publish, and William Everett Cram has written, comes forward to volunteer most interesting, useful and charmingly sympathetic truths in their behalf. For an aid to

real study of the habits and ways of the more accessible "beasts" it has definite value, as a glance at its quaint illustrations of "snow-tracks" will prove.

The average modern detective story shows a tendency to shrivel up and become dubiously weak and ineffective beside such a masterpiece as Emile Gaboriau's "File No. 113," which Little, Brown & Co. have brought out in a new and excellent translation by George Burnham Ives. This classic in its own line, with its singular interweaving of financial and domestic villainies, and its famous M. Lecoq, the forerunner of Sherlock Holmes and his ilk, will be read with intense interest not only by the younger generation, but by those who remember the brilliant series of tales as they were first published.

The consolidation of the publishing firms of Harper & Bros. and Doubleday & McClure, which was announced some months ago, has been abandoned. It was found when the time came for carrying the consolidation into effect, that the differences in the lines of publications of the two houses made consolidation impracticable. Harper & Bros. have effected a new organization, by which Mr. George B. M. Harvey, whose energetic management has done much to rejuvenate *The North American Review*, becomes president and managing director of Harper & Bros., without, however, relinquishing his management of the *Review*.

It would be an excellent state of things if Thomas Nelson Page's new Christmas story, "Santa Claus's Partner," which the Scribners publish, could be read before the holidays and its suggestions acted upon, instead of being given, as it will be, in many Christmas stockings. It is a pretty lit-



tile tale in which rich banker, poor head clerk and head clerk's little girl, a "Kitty" of unusual good judgment, celebrate the day of gift-making in a way wholly new to them all. Though the heroine is a child, the story is for grown people especially, and it does not require too sanguine a temperament to predict that actual good may result from this study of an awakening out of selfishness.

In his editorial department in Longman's Magazine, to which readers of that magazine are in the habit of turning first of all, Mr. Andrew Lang insists that literary copyright ought to be protected "for two lives" at least. He adds by way of illustrating his argument:

Think how Scott, his debts paid, would have provided for his family had copyright lasted longer. The heirs of Keats and Coleridge, men neglected by purchasers in their day, would have been bequeathed a competence. Most of Dickens's works are now out of copyright—a real hardship while an author's sons and daughters are in the land.

Mrs. Annie Field's sketch of the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the dainty series of "Beacon Biographies" which Small, Maynard & Co. publish, will be recognized at once as no mere summary or compilation from previous biographies, but an absolutely fresh contribution to the world's knowledge of the great romancer, written out of the fullness of personal acquaintance, and illuminated, moreover, by letters by Hawthorne which have never before been published. It is written, as was to have been expected, with exquisite taste and discrimination.

The name "pastel" is not usually associated with studies of such a painful character as some of those in Paul Bourget's "Pastels of Men," which Katherine Prescott Wormeley has

translated into clear and charming English. Several of these are studies of failure and crime, drawn with a precision of detail and a disregard for color that might entitle them to be called "Engravings." But the last of the series, the story of a lovely child's sensitive and grieving heart, has all the delicacy, the tender and vague bloom of color that suggests to the untechnical mind the most exquisite of child faces, sketched thoughtfully in pastels. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The reader who accompanies Dr. William Elliot Griffis on his "sentimental rambles" in the Netherland provinces will not follow only the well-beaten paths, and he will have plenty of time to dive into mysterious old junk shops and even to acquire the first principles of "Delft." Quaint people, quaint homes, quaint books, all find a place in "The American in Holland," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish. Dr. Griffis does not lose the occasion to add interesting material, also, to his Pilgrim lore, while his acquaintance with many university men in Leyden and elsewhere furnishes him with a plentiful fund of reminiscences.

The criticisms of children upon children's books are almost sure to be illuminating, and more than one reviewer has tried such a book upon a child, for his own guidance in the treatment of it. Something like this upon a large scale is to be attempted under the editorial supervision of Miss Hewins of the Hartford Public Library. What is aimed at is a list of children's books, with children's annotations upon them. Miss A. C. Moore of the Pratt Institute Free Library, will receive contributions until June, 1900; and it is specified that they should be written on slips of "shelf-list" size, and should convey in brief, title and author; age, sex and nationality of child-critic; and comment.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Beacon Prize Medals, The. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Baker & Taylor Co.
- Beasts, Little, of Field and Wood. By William Everett Cram. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Bonnie Boy, A. By Julia McNair Wright. American Tract Society. Price \$1.00.
- Bruno. By Byrd Spilman Dewey. Little Brown & Co.
- Cleaner, Expert, The. By H. J. Seaman. Funk & Wagnalls. Price \$0.75.
- Contemporaries. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Contes de la Vie Rustique. Arranged with explanatory notes in English by Geo. Castegnier. William R. Jenkins. Price \$0.45.
- Dear Irish Girl, The. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Differences. By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Dorsey, the Young Inventor. By Edward S. Ellis. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price \$1.25.
- File No. 113. By Emile Gaboriau. Translated by George Burnham Ives. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Fisherman's Luck. By Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel. By Annie Fields. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$0.75.
- Heronford. By S. R. Keightley. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Holland, The American in. By William Elliot Griffis. L. H. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Honor of Thieves. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.25.
- House in the Hills, The. By Florence Warden. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.00.
- House of the Wizard, The. By M. Im- lay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Julian the Apostate. By D. S. Mere- shkovski. Translated by Charles Johnston. Henry Altemus.
- Literature, American. A General Sur-  
vey of. By Mary Fisher. A. C. Mc-  
Clurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Lives, Heroic, True Stories of. By  
Various Authors. Funk & Wagnalls  
Co. Price \$1.00.
- Local Habitation A. By Walter Leon  
Sawyer. Small, Maynard & Co.  
Price \$1.25.
- Lyrics of Brotherhood. By Richard  
Burton. Small, Maynard & Co. Price  
\$1.00.
- Marcus Aurelius, Selections from the  
Meditations of. Translated by Ben-  
jamin E. Smith. The Thumb-Nail  
Series. The Century Co. Price \$1.00.
- Missions, Miracles of, The. By Arthur  
T. Pierson, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls  
Co. Price \$1.00.
- Musician, An Old, Recollections of. By  
Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Nuggets, Philosophic. Gathered by  
Jeanne G. Pennington. Fords, How-  
ard, & Hulbert. Price \$0.40.
- One of Those Coincidences. By Julian  
Hawthorne & Others. Funk & Wagn-  
alls Co. Price \$1.00.
- Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of  
Sleepy Hollow. With an Introduction  
by Joseph Jefferson. The Thumb-  
Nail Series. The Century Co. Price  
\$1.00.
- Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nel-  
son Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Price \$1.50.
- Saragossa. A Story of Spanish Valor.  
By B. Pérez Galdós. Authorized  
translation by Minna Caroline Smith.  
Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Scarlet Woman, The. By Joseph  
Hocking. George Routledge & Sons.
- Ship of Stars, The. By A. T. Quiller-  
Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Price \$1.50.
- Things as They Are. By Bolton Hall.  
Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Unknown Patriot, An. By Frank Sam-  
uel Child. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Price \$1.50.
- White King of Manoa. The. By  
Joseph Hatton. R. F. Fenno & Co.  
Price \$1.25.
- Yellow Danger, The. By M. P. Shiel.  
R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.00.